

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

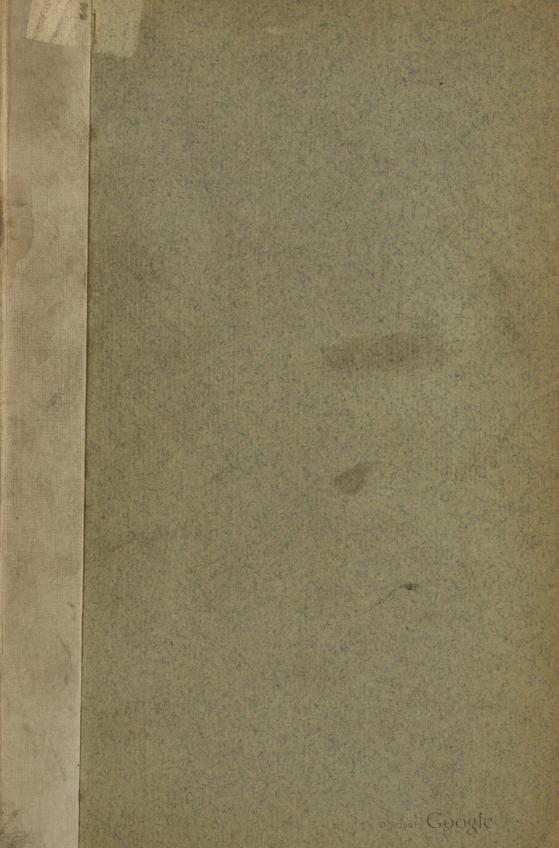
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

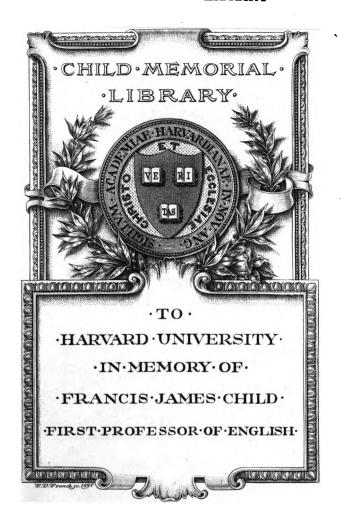
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/

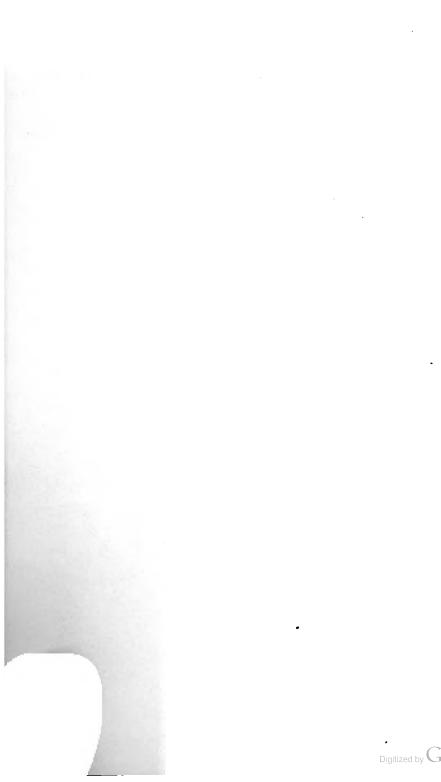


(8)

TRANSFERRED to HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY









THE COMEDIES, HISTORIES, AND TRAGEDIES OF MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

As presented at the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres, circa 1591-1623

Being the text furnished the Players, in parallel pages with the first revised folio text, with Critical Introductions

The Bankside Shakespeare

EDITED BY APPLETON MORGAN



NEW YORK THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

BRENTANOS
PARIS......NEW YORK......CHICAGO
TRÜBNER & CO., LONDON

13474.3 B

Harvard University
English Department Library
Gift of
ALBERT MATTHEWS,
H. U. 1882,
Dec. 22, 1896.

Harvard University, Child Memorial Library.

TRANSFERRED TO MARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY 1940

The Riverside Press, Cambridge:
Printed by H. O. Houghton and Company

The Bankside Shakespeare

VIII.

A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME

€

(The Players' Text of 1600, with the Heminges and Condell Text of 1623)

With an Introduction touching the relation of the Fisher and Roberts quartos to each other, and the presentation of Fairies upon the Elizabethan Stage

BY

WILLIAM REYNOLDS, A. B., LL. B. (WM. AND MARY)

A Member of The Shakespeare Society of New York; author of
"Theory of the Law of Evidence," etc.

NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY, OF NEW YORK
1890



INTRODUCTION

I.

On October 8, 1600, Thomas Fisher, a young stationer who had taken his freedom on June 3 of that year, entered for publication A Midsummer Night's Dream in the Stationers' Register as fol-

The New York Shakespeare Society is desirous of printing the names of subscribers to the Bankside Shakespeare in the concluding volume of this Edition. Will subscribers who receive this volume please send their names for the purpose either to the Society directly at No. 21 Park Row, New York, or in care of Brentano's, Union Square, New York City.

above quoted.

This Roberts Quarto corresponds, page for page, with the Fisher, excepting in the leaves G and G2, which, in the Fisher Quarto, appear to have been set up a line short, thus making the top line of page G3 recto become the fourth line of that page in the Fisher.

¹ Register Stationers' Company, iii. 174. ² Ibid. iii. 174.

INTRODUCTION

I.

On October 8, 1600, Thomas Fisher, a young stationer who had taken his freedom on June 3 of that year, entered for publication A Midsummer Night's Dream in the Stationers' Register as follows:—

[A. D. 1600] 8 Octobris.

Thomas ffyssher Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of Master Rodes | and the Warden, A booke called A Myd-sommer Nightes Dream. . . . vjd.²

From the statement upon the title-page, below the publisher's device — "Imprinted at London, for Thomas Fisher, and are to | be soulde at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart, | in Fleetestreete. 1600." — it seems that Fisher then kept a stationer's shop, and had employed some one else to print the book for him, and that it was issued during the calendar year 1600.

About the same time there appeared also another quarto edition of the same play, bearing the same title-page, except that the publisher's device thereon was a different one, and followed by the words, "Printed by Iames Roberts, 1600," instead of those above quoted.

This Roberts Quarto corresponds, page for page, with the Fisher, excepting in the leaves G and G2, which, in the Fisher Quarto, appear to have been set up a line short, thus making the top line of page G3 recto become the fourth line of that page in the Fisher.

¹ Register Stationers' Company, iii. 174. ² Ibid. iii. 174.

With the end of the latter page, however, which concludes with the same final line in both quartos, the discrepancy ends.

The principal difference between the two quartos is in the spelling, which is more modern in the Roberts than in the Fisher.

It is demonstrable, from internal evidence, that the printers who set up the Roberts Quarto must have used the Fisher Quarto, and not manuscript, for their copy. Pages B verso and B2 recto, in some copies of the Roberts Quarto, are identical with the corresponding pages of the Fisher Quarto, having the same peculiarities of spelling, and having been evidently printed from the same type and the same form, while in other copies of the Roberts Quarto these two pages have the more modernized spelling which characterizes the rest of that edition.

This can only be explained upon the theory that the Fisher Quarto was first printed, and that the forms used for printing these two pages of it were afterward used to print the corresponding pages of the first issue of the Roberts Quarto. But certain typographical errors which could not have originated in manuscript are found in both quartos, as, for example, the inversion of lines 2115 and 2116, which the sense requires should read:—

2116 And the owner of it blest 2115 Ever shall in safety rest.

It is very evident that by an error of the printer who set them up in the Fisher Quarto these lines were transposed, and that the printer who copied the error in setting up the Roberts Quarto got it from a printed page of the Fisher Quarto, and not from any manuscript.

It is universally conceded that the text of the Folio must have been printed from a copy of the Roberts Quarto corrected in manuscript, and which had probably been used as a prompt-book in the Globe Theatre. This is shown by the number of errors peculiar to the Roberts Quarto, which are reproduced in the Folio. The most striking of these is the transposition in the Roberts Quarto of line 916 of the Fisher Quarto, so that instead of coming in its proper place after line 915 it is put before line 914, making the whole passage read:—

- 912 Tita I pray thee gentle Mortall, sing againe,
- 913 Mine ear is much enamored of thy note;
- 916 On the first view to say, I sweare I love thee.
- 914 So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,
- 915 And thy fair vertues force [perforce] doth move me

This transposition, which was evidently made by a slip of the printer in setting up the type, has been followed in the Folio.

See also the following instances, collected by Mr. J. W. Ebbsworth, where departures from the Fisher text made in the Roberts Quarto, and followed in the Folio, have either weakened or destroyed the sense:—

	Fisher Text.	Fisher Text. Roberts Text, followed by Folio.	
LINE.			LINE.
209	No fault of mine	None of mine	212
	That very time I saw	That very time I say	530
533	The next thing then	The next thing when	5 55
547	and wodde [i.e. mad]	and wood	569
	wrap a Fairy in	rap a Fairy in	635
1581	their being here	this being heere	1648
	in fancy tollowing mee	in fancy followed me	1684

And the following, in which they have marred the versification:—

180 loues [rhyming with	loue	182
doues]		
458 thorough	through	479
459 hoary headed	hoared headed	480
529 roud about the	about the	551
1150 Helen, it is not so	It is not so	1196

The most noticeable feature connected with the Roberts Quarto is the fact that it is not entered upon the Stationers' Register, and must therefore have either been printed without a license or under the license issued to Fisher. The effect of Fisher's license was to confer upon him the exclusive right to print the book therein described, and as the Roberts Quarto differed from Fisher's only in having certain typographical errors, and more modern spelling, it was practically a reissue of the same book, and the license applied to it as well as to the original publication. Now if Roberts had ventured to republish Fisher's copy without his consent, he might naturally have expected the latter to "make a Star-Chamber matter of it," 1 especially as we know, from a subsequent entry made by him in the Stationers' Register,² that Fisher continued a member of the Companye of the Stationers as late as October, 1601. It is therefore a fair inference that the Roberts Quarto was printed under the license issued to Fisher, and by his authority, not later than March 24, 1601, which, according to the calendar then in use, was the last day of the year (1600), printed on its titlepage. The issue of a second edition within five months and a half after the printing of the play was licensed, all of which, except two pages, was printed from type newly set up, is pretty good evidence that the first edition was exhausted much more rapidly than the publisher anticipated, and the fact that the forms of two, and of only two, pages of the original edition were used in printing the second shows that only these two forms were obtainable by Roberts,

¹ See Introduction to vol. iii., Bankside Shakespeare, p. 17.

² This entry is as follows: "24° Octobris (1601), Matthew Lownes, Thomas ffyssher Entred for their Copye under the handes of the Warden, a booke called the ffyrst and second partes of the play called Anthoni and Melida. . . . vjd *Provided*, that he get lawful licens for yt."

who was doubtless prevented from getting more of them by the fact that the others had been already broken up and the type distributed. This, of course, would not have been done until as many impressions had been taken from them as the printers thought likely to be required for a long time. The modernization of the spelling was probably the work of the printer who set up the new forms, done upon his own responsibility, and the spelling of the two pages of the Fisher Quarto which were utilized by Roberts was altered after the issue of a few copies, so as to secure uniformity. The early exhausting of the first edition, which was the more correct of the two, having been set up from manuscript probably furnished by the author, would explain why the players seem to have used a copy of the Roberts Quarto for their prompt-book. If the two editions had both been on sale at the same time, the preference would naturally have been given to the Fisher Quarto as the more correct as well as authorized edition.

II.

Shakespeare was not only a poet, but a humorist as well. Besides the fanciful imagination that "bodies forth the form of things unknown" and the poet's pen that "turns them to shapes," he had also a very keen sense of the ridiculous. This latter faculty served to "beget a temperance in the very whirlwind of his passion," and saved him from that o'erstepping the "modesty of nature" which, while it makes the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; and it must have made him fully conscious of the many difficulties that necessarily attended the hazardous undertaking of attempting to introduce the Warwickshire fairies upon the dramatic stage in this play of A Midsummer Night's Dream.

In order to fully appreciate the difficulties of the

enterprise, we must understand, first, what it was that he had to do; and, secondly, the means at his command with which to accomplish it.

The fairies of A Midsummer Night's Dream are not the fays or fairies of romance, like Spenser's Faëry Queen, Gloriana, or King Arthur's sister, Morgue la Faye, or the Princess Tryamour in the Romance of Sir Launfal, or her who unfolded the future to Thomas of Ercildoune beneath the eldvn tree, all of whom are represented as being of the human race, differing from ordinary mortals only in their superlative beauty of form and feature, and in their endowment with powers beyond those allotted to men. The fairies of the play, on the contrary, are the elves or fairies of folk-lore, with which the people of all England, both rich and poor, and of high and low degree, were already more or less familiar from the tales constantly repeated from their very childhood. These fairies had thus acquired with the people of his day as distinct a personality as that which the most familiar personages of history possess for our minds now; so that a dramatist who should then have represented an Oberon or Puck differing in any respect from the popular notion in regard to him, would have been open to the same criticism that would be encountered by one making a wide departure from the well-known facts of history in such plays as Fulius Cæsar and King Richard the Third. In the one case, as in the other, his task was merely to represent, illustrate, and embellish characters already well known, and he was therefore obliged to preserve their identity at all hazards. Julius Cæsar must always be recognizable as the conqueror of the world, and King Richard as the hunchback tyrant. Now let us consider for a moment what was the popular notion about the appearance of the English fairies. "The Fairies of England," says Mr. Keightly, in his Fairy Mythology,\"are evidently the Dwarfs of Germany and the North, though they do not appear to have been ever so denominated. Their appellation was Elves, subsequently Fairies; but there would seem to have been formerly other terms expressive of them, of which hardly a vestige is now remaining in the English language. They were, like their northern kindred, divided into two classes: rural Elves, inhabiting the woods, fields, mountains, and caverns; and the domestic or house spirits, usually called Hobgoblins and Robin Goodfellows."

However conflicting the local traditions and beliefs might be in other respects, they all agreed in one particular. The elves were very little people. Gervase of Tilbury, nephew of Henry II. of England, and Chancellor of the Holy Roman Empire under Otho IV., writing about the beginning of the thirteenth century, describes a kind of goblins in England, called *Portuni*, as less than half an inch in stature, but with faces wrinkled like those of old men. And the author of *Round about our Coal-fire*, an old tract quoted in Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, but now, so far as known, no longer extant, says:—

My grandmother has often told me of fairies dancing upon our green, and they were *little*, *little creatures*, clothed in green.

The moment any one saw them, and took notice of them, they were struck blind of an eye. They lived underground, and generally came out of a mole-hill.

They had fine music always among themselves, and danced in a moonshiny night around, or in a ring, as one may see at this day upon every common in England where mushrooms grow.

This is a pretty good epitome of the popular belief which prevailed throughout England concerning the rural elves or fairies from long before Shake-

¹ Page 281, ed. 1884.

speare's time, and which doubtless continues to be held in some parts of the country, among the peasantry, even down to the present day. Ideas as to their size differed somewhat, but from all we can gather they were generally thought to be from six inches to two feet in height. The Hobgoblins, or Robin Goodfellows, were supposed to be rather larger. Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, written about 1621, after referring to what Paracelsus says about the fairies, which in Germany "do usually walk in little coats some two foot long," adds, "A bigger kind there is of them, called with us Hobgoblins and Robin Goodfellows, that would, in those superstitious times, grind corn for a mess of milk, cut wood, or do any manner of drudgery work."

Although these Robin Goodfellows were sometimes spoken of as a class of fairies, as evidence the quotation from Burton above given, and the following from Nash's Terrors of the Night, 1594, "The Robin Goodfellows, elfes, fairies, hobgoblins of our latter age, which idolatrous former days and the phantastical world of Greece yeleped fawnes, satyrs, dryades, and hamadryads, did most of their merry pranks in the night," yet it would seem that shortly before Shakespeare wrote A Midsummer Night's Dream there had grown up a disposition to personify the whole class of Robin Goodfellows in one particular sprite bearing that name. He is described in Tarlton's News out of Purgatory, printed in 1590, as "famoused in every old wives' chronicle for his mad and merry pranks," and is thus spoken of by Reginald Scott² in 1584: "Indeed your grandam's maids were wont to set a bowl of milk before him (Incubus) and his cousin Robin Goodfellow for grinding of malt or mustard, and sweeping the house

Page 47

² Discoverie of Witchcraft, iv. ch. 10.

at midnight, and you have also heard that he would chafe exceedingly, if the maid or goodwife of the house, having compassion on his nakedness, laid away clothes for him beside his mess of white bread and milk, which was his standing fee." The fullest and most interesting account of him, however, is found in an old and very rare black-letter pamphlet. printed at London in 1628, entitled "Robin Goodfellow, his Mad Pranks and Merry Jests," which Mr. Collier reprinted in 1841 for the Percy Society, as did also the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps in his Illustrations of Fairy Mythology, published by the Shakespeare Society in 1845. While from certain references to the use of tobacco made in one of the songs occurring in the second part of this work, it is evident that this part was written some years after A Midsummer Night's Dream, I think Messrs. Collier, Halliwell-Phillipps, and Keightly are undoubtedly correct in concluding from internal evidence, that the composition of the first part dates back to a period anterior to the play, and that Shakespeare must have either seen an earlier edition of this first part of the book or have been familiar with the traditions it records. In this work Robin Goodfellow is represented as the son of a "proper young wench by a hee-fayrie, a king or something of that kind among them," who early develops a spirit of mischief, and when only six years of age runs off from home in order to escape a whipping, which his mother had promised him. He is endowed by his fairy parent with the power of transforming himself into whatever shape he pleases, and at once engages in a series of pranks such as are related of himself by Puck in the play. In the second part he is mentioned as being on one occasion much offended because a maid, whose work he had been doing for her, observing that he was rather bare of clothing,

sought to express her sense of obligation for his kindness to her by making him a waistcoat. His appearance was believed to be that of a child of six years old, whose costume consisted of a broom, usually carried on his shoulder, and nothing more.

It is worthy of notice that in the second part Robin's father is several times called "Obreon," while in the first he is never distinguished by a proper name.

Such was the material which came ready-made to Shakespeare's hand. A touch of his magic genius endowed the humble fairies of the simple country folk with all the qualities and possessions of the fairies of romance with which the nobility had been made familiar through Spenser's Faëry Queen, and transmuted them into those Fairies of Poetry, which are of all creations of the human imagination the most fanciful and charming. He transported them to Fairyland, where he set up a kingdom for them, and as Puck was the only one of these elves who up to this time possessed a name and a personality, he had to provide them with a king and queen.

About the year 1570 appeared an English translation, by Lord Berners, of the old French romance of Huon of Bordeaux. One of the characters in this was Oberon, the King of Fairyland. Dr. Grimm has shown that this Oberon is evidently the same as the dwarf Albrich, who figures in the Nibelungen Lied. In translating the name into French the first syllable, Al, naturally became Au, and the German diminutive ich was changed to its French equivalent on, which gives us Auberon; the transition from which to Oberon is obvious. That this derivation is correct is demonstrated by the great similarity between this Oberon in Huon of Bordeaux and the dwarf King Elberich, in the old romance of Ortnit, or Otnit, in the German Heldenbuch. According

to Oberon's account of himself in Huon of Bordeaux, he was the son of Julius Cæsar and a fairy known as "The Ladie of the Secret Isle," whose elder son is incidentally mentioned as the father of Alexander the Great. We are further told that at Oberon's birth the fairies all bestowed wondrous gifts upon him, but one of them, who had not been invited to be present upon the auspicious occasion, declared that he should stop growing when he attained the age of three years, and, in consequence, although he lived for many centuries, he always preserved the same very juvenile appearance, but as some compensation for this his face was the most beautiful on earth. What more natural than for Shakespeare to select as the ruler in Fairyland, over the rural elves so familiar to the common people, this Oberon, who was already well known as a fairy king to the nobility through Lord Berners's translation of Huon of Bordeaux? And what more appropriate ruler for these elves, deriving their origin from the Northland dwarfs, than Oberon or Albrich, the original dwarf king? The name of Titania, his queen, as pointed out by Mr. Keightly, 1 is found in Ovid, as another appellation for Diana, and was evidently selected because of the belief which widely prevailed in Shakespeare's time that the fairies were the same as the nymphs described in Greek mythology as attending on that goddess when she hunted in the woods. Shakespeare likewise gave the elves a new employment. As the dwarfs were supposed to live underground, and put into operation the subterranean forces of nature, so these elves of the new Fairyland were assigned to the task of superintending the processes of vegetation and the permutation of the seasons. Titania says to Oberon: —

¹ Fairy Mythology, p. 325, ed. 1884.

the Spring, the Summer,
the eluding Autumn, angry Winter change
their wonted liveries, and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which;
the And this same progeny of evils comes
they from our debate, from our dissension;
they we are their parents and original.

The fairy who first appears in the play says to Puck that she

must go to seek some dew-drops here 383 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

And Titania says to her attendant fairies: -

650 hence;
651 Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds.

In order to perform such tasks effectively it was of course necessary that some of these fairies at least should be decreased in size much below the prevalent popular ideas about them, and hence we are not surprised at learning from Puck that when Oberon and his queen "do square,"

398 all their elves 399 Creep into acorn cups and hide them there.

All the fairies, however, could hardly have been so small as this, as, for instance, Titania's fairy, whom she sent to bear to Oberon's bower in Fairyland the changeling child over whom they had quarrelled. And in order to conform to their language in the play, and avoid too great violence to the popular notions about them already adverted to, we must imagine Oberon, Titania, and Puck as about the size of children ten years old.

With such dramatis personæ upon his programme, let us now look at the materials Shakespeare had at his command, wherewith to put them upon the boards.

In the first place, as all the actors in Shakespeare's day were of the male sex, he was obliged to have his fairies personated by boys, and all the talking fairies by boys large enough to be able not only to commit their parts, but also to recite them effectively. Evidently from design, Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed are given only three or four words apiece to speak in the whole play, in order that their parts could be taken by very young children. As there was no stage scenery in Shakespeare's day—only properties—all the smaller elves that were wont to

Creep into acorn cups and hide them there

could only be *imagined* by the audience, for the gorgeous transformation fairy scenes of the present day, with all their ingenious mechanical contrivances and optical delusions, were yet far distant in the future.

The only stage machinery of his time was the trap-door through which the "ghost rises," and some arrangement of pulleys by which gods and goddesses were let down from the ceiling. The stage was hung around with painted cloths and arras, which, when tragedy was played, were sometimes black. At the back of the stage was a balcony, "which," says Richard Grant White, "like the furniture in the Duke Aranza's cottage, served 'a hundred uses.' It was inner room, upper room, window, balcony, battlements, hillside, Mount Olympus, any place, in fact, which was supposed to be separated from and above the scene of the main action." It must have been either on or under this balcony that, when Bottom and his company meet for their rehearsal in the wood. Titania is discovered asleep — doubtless upon a portable "mossy bank," like those we sometimes see upon the stage at the present day. Everything else in the way of scenery the audience were expected to "make believe," as, for example, in the

old play of Selimus, Emperor of the Turks, published in 1594, a stage direction naively tells the audience to "suppose the Temple of Mahomet," to which the hero is seen carrying the dead body of his father in a solemn funeral procession. The changes of scene which the audience were expected to suppose were either indicated by the language of the actors as they entered, or by the introduction of some piece of furniture or property, helped, it might be, as Sir Philip Sidney says, if the supposed scene were Thebes, by "seeing Thebes written in great letters on an old door." Indeed, in some cases, the audience was called upon to imagine not only the change of scenery, but even the existence of stage properties which the management found it impracticable to provide, for in an old MS. copy of Wm. Percy's Fairy Pastoral, 1 written about A.D. 1600, we find the following note appended to the list of properties for the play: "Now if so be that the properties or any of them that be outward will not serve the turne by reason of the concurse of the people on the stage then you may omitt the sayd propertees which be outward and supply their places with their nuncupations only in text letters." Still, however, it must be borne in mind that there was a limit beyond which the imaginations of even Elizabethan playgoers could not be safely drawn upon. Although they were as willing to make believe scenery as our children are nowadays to make believe the different apartments of the extemporized houses provided as the habitations of their dolls, yet like these same

¹ See Collier's Annals of Stage, vol. iii. p. 358. This play was printed in 1824 for the Roxburgh Club, being edited by Joseph Hazlewood, but I have been unable to get access to a copy of this publication to verify Mr. Collier's quotation. Rev. A. B. Grosart, in his introduction to Percy's Sonnets (Occasional Issues, vol. iv. p. vi.), states that the original MS. of this play was then (1877) at Alnwick Castle.

children they appear to have insisted that the actors in their dramas should be so far as possible correctly costumed. Glaring anachronisms in costumes were indeed freely tolerated, but this was evidently for the reason that even well-educated people had not the knowledge to detect them, for their information about the ancients was derived almost entirely from such classical writers as Plutarch, Livy, and the poets and dramatists, and was not supplemented, as ours is, by numerous pictorial illustrations from authentic sources.

When, therefore, in the play of Pericles, the scene of which is laid in the time of Antiochus the Great, one of the characters talks about his pistol, the anachronism does not seem to have attracted enough attention to have been brought to the notice of the author, who might easily have removed it by substituting the word dagger for pistol. What the public of that day seems to have demanded was that the actors should be correctly costumed according to the prevailing ideas on the subject, and especially that the costumes should accord with the supposed rank in life of the various characters assumed. this demand the managers appear to have gone to considerable expense for costumes, it being customary to buy, for stage use, slightly worn court dresses and the gorgeous robes worn at coronations. Alleyn papers give £16 as the price of one embroidered velvet cloak, and £20 10s. as that of another, while Henslowe's diary records the payment of £4 14s. for a pair of hose and of £3 10s. for "a robe for to goo invisabell." A pound sterling was at that time equivalent in value to about \$25 of our money at present, and the largest price recorded by Henslowe as paid for a play was £8, the smallest £4.

In some particulars the stage representation appears to have been realistic to a degree which could

not be ventured upon in our time. For instance, from the books of the Whitsunday miracle plays, which were performed annually at Chester until 1577, and of the Corpus Christi mysteries played at Coventry down to 1591, it clearly appears that in the play of the Fall of Man, as given in both series, Adam and Eve appeared upon the stage in costumes which accurately corresponded with the inspired description given in the book of Genesis, and after having eaten of the forbidden fruit they proceeded, in the presence of the audience, to add the historic fig-leaf aprons to their wardrobe - from which we may fairly infer that Shakespeare would have little embarrassment in bringing Puck upon the stage in such costume as would correspond with the popular superstition in regard to his appearance.

In Dr. Simon Forman's description of a performance of Macbeth that he saw at the Globe Theatre in 1610, he tells "how Macbeth and Banquo, two noblemen of Scotland, riding through a wood, there stood before them three women, faëries, or nymphs," The late Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, commenting on this, 1 says, "He could hardly have been mistaken in the statement that Macbeth and Banquo made their first appearance on horseback, a curious testimony to the rude endeavors of the stage managers of the day to invest their representations with something of reality," and adds in a note 2 that they were mounted "most probably on hobby-horses, for it is hardly possible that there could have been room on the stage of the Globe Theatre for the introduction of living animals." If this view is correct and Macbeth and Banquo did actually come upon the stage mounted on hobby-horses, we may fairly infer that this was not the first or only occasion hobby-horses

¹ Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare, 3d ed., p. 199.

² Ibid. p. 348.

were introduced, but that they probably played quite an important part in the representation of Agincourt in Henry V. and upon Bosworth Field in Richard III. And if such be the case, it would strongly indicate that the play-going public in Shakespeare's day, while quite ready to imagine any place which the action of the play might require, expected the players who might appear in that scene should faithfully represent in appearance and costume the characters whose parts they took. Now in order to carry out Shakespeare's poetical conception of the fairy tribe and their occupations, it was absolutely necessary for the rank and file of them at least to be extremely small, but the supposition that even the smallest children who might be brought upon the stage to represent them could "creep into acorn cups and hide them there," or make them coats from the leathern wings of the reremice, would involve a degree of absurdity which, unless skilfully thrown into the background, might transform the entire performance into a burlesque. As our sense of the ludicrous is derived from the perception of incongruities, and as the force with which these incongruities strike us is largely dependent upon their being brought before us unexpectedly, it follows that many things which, under some circumstances, would strike us as extremely ridiculous might, under others, seem perfectly natural, as, for instance: An ancient Greek who, wandering by the seashore on a stormy day, suddenly encountered a solitary stranger delivering an impassioned oration to the roaring waves, would, doubtless, under ordinary circumstances, have suspected the man of being crazy; but had he been told beforehand that Demosthenes, the orator, was in the habit of frequenting that place and indulging in such exercises for the purpose of training himself to speak before a noisy assembly without embarrassment, he could have comprehended the situation at the first glance, and would most likely have found himself in full sympathy with it. Shakespeare was well aware of this, and having a very keen sense of humor, which must have often been strongly worked upon by the poverty of the stage appointments and resources of his day, we see how, in the play of King Henry V., he took especial pains to guard against the natural effect upon his audience of the absurdity of his attempt to represent

With four or five most vile and ragged foils Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous The name of Agincourt

by introducing the chorus before each act, in order to make a direct appeal to their imaginations, and so bring them into full sympathy with the play.

In A Midsummer Night's Dream, where the absurdity is of a different kind, he seeks to counteract it by the different method of throwing it into the background by contrast with other situations intended to strike the beholder as still more absurd. Hence the introduction of Nick Bottom and his company of "hard-handed men of Athens" in their clumsy attempt to adequately represent before the Duke and Duchess on their wedding-day "The most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby." It is to be noted that the clowns are introduced upon the stage in the scene immediately preceding that in which the fairies first appear, so that the spectators, having just indulged in a hearty laugh over the incongruity between the amateur actors and the parts which they have selected to perform, are in a frame of mind to be but little astonished at the appearance of Puck and a fairy who, if represented by children, probably accorded pretty well with the popular ideas of those characters. The conversation of this pair, describing their respective occupations and pursuits, unfolds to the auditor Shakespeare's poetic conception of the fairies, and so awakens a sympathy whereby the imagination is more readily enlisted to aid in piecing out the imperfections of the actors and the scenery when "Enter from one side Oberon and his train, from the other Titania with hers." And so we may observe throughout the entire play the consummate skill with which the clowns are always employed to prevent the fairies from appearing ridiculous by constantly presenting, in direct contrast to them, some outrageous absurdities of their own, in comparison with which everything about the latter that might otherwise seem extravagant is completely thrown into the shade. For when once the audience has been duly prepared for what it has to expect in that remarkable interlude to be played before the Duke, when half the face of Snug the joiner must be seen through the lion's neck, and he himself must speak through its mane to assure them that he is a man as other men are, and when "some one else must come in with a bunch of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure or to present the person of Moonshine," and finally "some man or other must present Wall and . . . have some plaster or some loam or some rough-cast about him to signify Wall," the height of the ridiculous in histrionic representation has already been attained, and every other absurdity must seem insignificant by comparison.1

Kin. And how lives he with 'am?

¹ Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, in his Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare, 8th ed. vol. ii. p. 260, says: "One little fragment of the contemporary stage humour displayed in the representation of this play has been recorded. When Thisbe killed herself she fell upon the scabbard and not upon the trusty sword—to express both the stupidity and the nervousness of the clowns." The record here referred to is as follows: Sharpham in his comedy of the Fleire, printed in 1607, has this piece of dialogue:—

Fle. Faith, like Thisbe in the play, 'a has almost killed himself with the scabberd.

The complete success which attended this device for overcoming the difficulties in the way of introducing the fairies upon the stage is proved by the great popularity of A Midsummer Night's Dream from the very first. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps says. "The fact of the two editions of the Midsummer Night's Dream appearing in a single year indicates the popularity of that exquisite but singular drama, the comic scenes of which appear to have been specially relished by the public." Indeed, as we find portions of these comic scenes incorporated almost word for word into German plays written prior to 1636, we must conclude that this drama had either already won a continental reputation or else was acted in Germany not many years after it was written. The poetic parts of the play seem to have

¹ The following extract, from Kohn's Shakespeare in Germany (p. cxxx.) is interesting upon this point:—

The comedy of the clowns in Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream must have come to Germany before 1636, as the Absurda Comica, or Mr. Peter Squenz* of Andreas Gryphius (born 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death; died 1664, a hundred years after Shakespeare's birth), is an imitation of

* Absurda Comica, oder Herr Peter Squens, Schimpff Spiel, 8vo, s. l. e. a. (circa, 1660). Two editions probably printed in same year. Reprinted in the collective edition of Gryphius's works, 8vo, Breslau, 1608, in Tieck's Deutsches Theater, vol. ii., and in G. Bredow's edition, 8vo, Breslau, 1823. There has been a good deal of dispute about the first invention of the story on which the clown's Interlude in this play is founded. Henry Schmid (Nekrolog der Deutschen Dichter, 8vo, Berlin, 1785, vol. i. p. 122) maintains that it is of French origin, but he has not brought forth the proof which he promised. Bredow (in the work mentioned above, p. 103), Wachler (Vorlesungen über Deutsche Literatur, 8vo, Frankfort, 1818, vol. ii. p. 60), and H. L. Voss (Shakespeare's Dramatische Werke, vol. i. p. 505) contend that the older play from which Gryphius copied was composed in imitation of a German farce. The extracts given above will clearly show that Gryphius's piece is directly derived from Shakespeare. According to Bredow, Peter Squenz was from an early period a current designation of a clown. A parody of Gryphius's piece is Christian Weise's Neue Parodie eines Neuen Peter Squenzes von lauter Absurdis Comicis, in Zittauiches Theatrum, 8vo, Zittau, 1683.

been equally as popular with the higher classes, for it was acted more than once before royalty, both in it, which the author confessed to have taken from a version by Daniel Schwenter, who died in 1636. His piece, which appears to be lost, must have been very popular, as may be concluded from Gryphius's "Address to the reader," which is as follows:—

"Kind and honored reader - Mr. Peter Squenz, now no longer unknown in Germany, and in his own opinion greatly celebrated, is here presented to you. Although his ideas may not all have quite so much point as he vainly imagines to himself, they have nevertheless till now been accepted and laughed at in different theatres, not without the special amusement of the spectators. For which reason then, persons have been found here and there, who have neither shame nor scruple to give themselves out for his father. . . . But that he may no longer have to thank strangers for his origin, know that Daniel Schwenter, who has deserved well of all Germany, and is well practised in all sorts of languages and mathematical sciences, first brought him upon the stage in Altdorf, from which place he wandered further and further, till at last he met my dearest friend who equipped him better, added to him some new characters, and had him represented together with one of his tragedies, to the eyes and judgment of all. But as he was afterward quite forgotten by him, more important affairs engrossing his attention, I have been so bold as to demand him from the library of my said friend, to have him printed and sent to you, my gentle and most honored reader."

Tieck's conjecture that Schwenter wrote his Peter Squenz after the Interlude of Bottom the Weaver is altogether false, as Bottom the Weaver was not printed till 1660, and certainly not played much before that time. Nothing can be more probable than that Shakespeare's piece was brought to Germany by the English comedians. Such a farce would have been especially suited to their object. That the whole of the Midsummer Night's Dream belonged to the acting stock of the comedians is very unlikely. On the contrary, they probably only took from it the comedy of the clowns, as may also have been done occasionally in England. That Gryphius's piece is derived directly from Shakespeare must be evident to everybody at a first glance. It is almost the same arrangement, scene for scene, and hardly one of Shakespeare's jokes has been omitted. The few following passages may serve as a specimen: -

the days of Queen Bess and during the reign of her immediate successor; and it appears that in 1631

ACT I.

Clown. But tell us, Master Peter Squenz, has the lion much to speak?

Peter Squens. No, he has only to roar.

Pickelhäring. Well then let me be the lion: for I don't like having much to learn by heart.

Peter Squenz. Oh, no. M. Pickelhäring must act a principal part. . . .

Kricks. Yes, but I rather think it would sound awful for a furious lion to come in bounding up the stage, without saying anything, the ladies would be too much frightened.

Klots George. I think so too. On account of the pregnant women particularly, it would be advisable to say at the beginning that you are no lion at all, but only Master Klipperl, the joiner. . . .

Kricks. Don't be afraid of that my dear brother-in-law. Master Peter Squenz is a clever man; he is sure to make the lion speak.

Klipperl. Don't be afraid of that. I will roar so charmingly that the King and Queen shall say. My sweet lion, pray roar again.

Peter Squenz. Let your nails grow somewhat nice and long, and do not have your beard shaved, and you will resemble the lion all the more. . . . Ovidus the Ecclesiastic, says the moon did shine, but we don't know whether the moon will shine when we shall act the play.

Kricks. That is easily managed: We must refer to the Calendar, and see if the moon will shine on that day. . . .

Master Lollinger. Here I have one: it is a legacy from my grandfather's aunt. . . .

Kricks. Listen to what has occurred to me. I will tie a plush around my body, and carry a light in a lantern, and thus represent the moon. What do you think of that?...

Peter Squenz. How shall we do for a wall? Pyramus and Thisbe must talk together through the chink in the wall.

Klipperl. I think it would be best to paint one of you with lime-water, and to put him on the stage. He would have to say he was the Wall; and when Pyramus is to speak into his mouth, he must speak into the chink, and if Thisbe should

1 Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare, 8th ed. p. 306.

the Rt. Rev. John Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, had it acted in his house on Sunday, September 27. This performance seems to have created as great a scandal among the Puritans of that day as a similar entertainment at an American Bishop's house on a Sunday would probably occasion among devout churchmen in our own times, as is shown by a letter still preserved at Lambeth Palace, which was written

want to say anything he would have to turn his mouth to Thisbe.*

* The original is as follows: -

"Pickelhäring. . . . Aber saget Herr Peter Squenz. Hat der Löwe auch viel zu reden ? - Peter Squenz. Nein, der Löwe muss nur brüllen. - Pickelhäring. Ey so wil ich der Löwe seyn, denn ich lerne nicht gerne viel auswendig. - Peter Squenz. Ey nein! Mons. Pickelhäring muss ein Hauptperson agiren. . . . - Kricks. Ja mich dünket aber, es solte zu schrecklich lauten, wenn ein grimmiger Löwe hereingesprungen käme, und gar kein Wort sagte, das Frauenzimmer werde sich zu heftig entsetzen. - Klotz George. Ich halte es auch dafür. Sonderlich wäre rathsam wegen schwangerer Weiber, dass ihr nur bald aufanglich sagtet, ihr wäret kein rechter Löwe, sondern nur Meister Klipperl, der Schreiner. . . . - Kricks. Kümmert euch nicht darum lieber Schwager, Herr Peter Squentz ist ein gescheidener Mann, er wird dem Löwen wol zu reden machen. - Klipperl. Kümmert euch nicht, kümmert euch nicht, il wil so lieblich brüllen, dass der Koenig unt die Königen sagen sallen, mein liebes Löwichen brülle noch einmal. - Peter Squenz. Lasset euch unterdessen de Nägel sein lang waschen, unt den Bart nicht abscheren, so sehet ihr einem Löwen desto ähnlicher. . . . Der Kerchen-Lehrer Ovidius schreibet, das der Monden gescheinen habe, nun wissen wir nicht ob der Monde auch schinen werde, wenn wir das Spiel tragiren werden. - Kricks. Dem ist leicht zu helfen, wir müssen in Calendar sehen, ob der Monde denselben Tag scheinen wird. — Klotz George. Ja, wen wir nun einen hätten. - Meister Lollinger. Hier habe ich einen, den habe ich von meines Gross-Vatern Muhme ererbet. . . . - Kricks. Hört, was mir eingefallen ist, ich wil mir einen Pusch um den Leib binden, und ein Licht in einer Laterne tragen, und den Monden tragiren, was düncket euch zu den sachen? . . . - Peter Squenz. Wie werden wir es mit der Wand machen? . . . Piramus und Thisbe müssen mit einander dur das Loch in der Wand reden. - Klipperl. Mich dünket, es wäre am besten, man beschmierte einen um und um mit Leim-wellern, und steckte ihn auf de Bühne, er müste sagen das er die Wand wäre, wenn nun Piramus reden soll, müste er ihme zum Maule, das ist zum Loch, hineinreden. Wenn nun Thisbe was sagen wolte, müste er das Maul nach der Thisbe kehren."

by one John Spencer to a lady who went to the play, which, it will be noticed, the writer concedes to be very attractive, and from the language used it is evident that the appearance of the fairies was regarded as the most striking feature in it. He says to her, "Though you were drawne with the Bishopp's coach to his house to heare such excellent musicke, such rare concerts, and to see such curious actors, and such a number of people to behold the same, yett all was but vanity and vexation of spiritt; and the more vanity, the more vexation of spiritt, because it was upon the Lord's day, which should have been taken up with better meditations and contemplations of heaven and heavenly things."

WILLIAM REYNOLDS.



WE, the undersigned, a Committee appointed by The Shakespeare Society of New York to confer and report upon a Notation for The Bankside Edition of the plays of William Shakespeare, hereby certify that the Notation of the present volume: of which five hundred copies only are printed, of which this copy is No.____: is that resolved upon by us, and reported by us to, and adopted by, The Shakespeare Society of New York.

COMMITTEE ALVEY A. ADEE, Chairman.
THOMAS R. PRICE.
WM. H. FLEMING.
APPLETON MORGAN.



Midsommer nights dreame.

As it hath beene sundry times publickely alted, by the Right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his feruants.

Written by William ShakeSpeare.



Imprintedit London, for Thomas Fisher, and are to be soulde at is shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hast, in Flettefreite. I 600.

MATERIAL MARCH

A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME.



A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.

Theseus.

3 Ow faire *Hippolita*, our nuptiall hower

Draws on apase: fower happy daies bring in An other Moone: but oh, me thinks, how flow

This old Moone waves! She lingers my defires,

7 Like to a Stepdame, or a dowager,

8 Long withering out a yong mans reuenewe.

9 Hip. Fower daies will quickly steepe themselues in night:

10 Fower nights will quickly dreame away the time:

11 And then the Moone, like to a filuer bowe,

12 Now bent in heauen, shall beholde the night

13 13 Of our folemnities.

14 The. Goe Philostrate,

15 Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments,

16 Awake the peart and nimble spirit of mirth,

17 Turne melancholy foorth to funerals:

18 The pale companion is not for our pomp.



MIDSOMMER Nights Dreame.

Actus primus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.	1
Thefeus.	2
Ow faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre	3
Drawes on apace: foure happy daies bring in	4
Another Moon: but oh, me thinkes, how flow	5
This old Moon wanes; She lingers my defires	6
Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,	7
Long withering out a yong mans reuennew.	8
Hip. Foure daies wil quickly steep thefelues in nights	9
Foure nights wil quickly dreame away the time:	10
And then the Moone, like to a filuer bow,	11
Now bent in heauen, shal behold the night	12
Of our folemnities.	13
The. Go Philostrate,	14
Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments,	15
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,	16
Turne melancholy forth to Funerals:	17
The pale companion is not for our pompe,	18

```
19 Hyppolitæ, I woo'd thee with my fword,
20 And wonne thy loue, doing thee iniuries:
21 But I will wed thee in another key,
22 With pompe, with triumph, and with reueling.
        Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, and Lyfander
23
       and Helena, and Demetrius.
    Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke.
    The. Thankes good Egeus. Whats the newes with thee
26
    Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
28 Against my childe, my daughter Hermia.
               Stand forth Demetrius.
30 My noble Lord,
31 This man hath my confent to marry her.
                   Stand forth Lisander.
33 And my gratious Duke,
34 This man hath bewitcht the bosome of my childe.
35 Thou, thou Lysander, thou hast given her rimes,
36 And interchang'd loue tokens with my childe:
37 Thou hast, by moone-light, at her windowe sung,
38 With faining voice, verses of faining loue,
39 And stolne the impression of her phantasie:
40 With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceites,
41 Knackes, trifles, nolegaies, sweete meates (messengers
42 Of strong preuallement in vnhardened youth)
43 With cunning hast thou filcht my daughters heart,
44 Turnd her obedience (which is due to mee)
45 To stubborne harshnesse. And, my gratious Duke,
46 Be it so, she will not here, before your Grace,
47 Consent to marry with Demetrius.
48 I beg the auncient priviledge of Athens:
49 As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
50 Which shall be, either to this gentleman,
```

53 53 The. What fay you, Hermia? Be aduil'd, faire maid.

51 Or to her death: according to our lawe, 52 Immediatly prouided, in that case,

1623 A Midsommer Nights Dreame	31
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my fword,	19
And wonne thy loue, doing thee injuries:	20
But I will wed thee in another key,	21
With pompe, with triumph, and with reuelling.	22
Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lysander,	23
and Demetrius.	24
Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke.	25
The. Thanks good Egeus: what's the news with thee?	26
Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint	27
Against my childe, my daughter Hermia.	28
Stand forth Dometrius.	29
My Noble Lord,	30
This man hath my consent to marrie her.	31
Stand forth Lysander.	32
And my gracious Duke,	33
This man hath bewitch'd the bosome of my childe:	34
Thou, thou Lysander, thou hast given her rimes,	35
And interchang'd loue-tokens with my childe:	36
Thou hast by Moone-light at her window fung,	37
With faining voice, ver ses of faining loue,	38
And stolne the impression of her fantasie,	39
With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits,	40
Knackes, trifles, Nose-gaies, sweet meats (messengers	41
Of strong preuailment in vnhardned youth)	42
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughters heart,	43
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)	44
To stubborne harshnesse. And my gracious Duke,	45
Be it so she will not heere before your Grace,	46
Consent to marrie with Demetrius,	47
I beg the ancient priviledge of Athens;	48
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;	49
Which shall be either to this Gentleman,	50
Or to her death, according to our Law,	51
Immediately prouided in that case.	52
The. What say you Hermia? be aduis'd faire Maide.	53

- 54 To you, your father should be as a God:
- 55 One that compos'd your beauties: yea and one,
- 56 To whome you are but as a forme in wax,
- 57 By him imprinted, and within his power,
- 58 To leave the figure, or disfigure it:
- 59 Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
- o Her. 50 is Lisander.

The. In himselfe he is:

- 61 But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voice,
- 62 The other must be held the worthier.
- 53 Her. I would my father lookt but with my eyes.
- 64 The. Rather your eyes must, with his judgement, looke,
- 65 Her. I doe intreat your grace, to pardon mee.
- 66 I know not by what power, I am made bould;
- 67 Nor how it may concerne my modesty,
- 68 In such a presence, here to plead my thoughts:
- 69 But I befeech your Grace, that I may knowe
- 70 The worst that may befall mee in this case,
- 71 If I refuse to wed Demetrius.
- 72 The. Either to dy the death, or to abiure,
- 74 73 For euer, the fociety of men.
 - 74 Therefore, faire Hermia, question your defires,
 - 75 Knowe of your youth, examine well your blood,
 - 76 Whether (if you yeelde not to your fathers choyce)
 - 77 You can endure the livery of a Nunne,
 - 78 For aye to be in shady cloyster, mew'd
 - 79 To liue a barraine fifter all your life,
 - so Chaunting faint hymnes, to the colde fruitlesse Moone.
 - 81 Thrife bleffed they, that master so there bloode,
 - 82 To vndergoe such maiden pilgrimage:
 - 83 But earthlyer happy is the rose distild,
 - 84 Then that, which, withering on the virgin thorne,
- 86 85 Growes, liues, and dies, in fingle bleffednesse.
 - 86 Her, So will I growe, so liue, so die my Lord.
 - 87 Ere I will yield my virgin Patent, vp

1623 A Midsommer Nights Dreame	33
To you your Father should be as a God;	54
One that compos'd your beauties; yea and one	55
To whom you are but as a forme in waxe	56
By him imprinted: and within his power,	57
To leaue the figure, or disfigure it:	58
Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman.	59
Her. So is Lysander.	60
The. In himselfe he is.	61
But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce.	62
The other must be held the worthier.	63
Her. I would my father look'd but with my eye	s. 64
The. Rather your eies must with his judgment le	ooke. 65
Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.	66
I know not by what power I am made bold,	67
Nor how it may concerne my modestie	68
In fuch a presence heere to pleade my thoughts:	69
But I befeech your Grace, that I may know	70
The worst that may befall me in this case,	71
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.	72
The. Either to dye the death, or to abiure	78
For euer the fociety of men.	74
Therefore faire Hermia question your desires,	75
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,	76
Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choice) 77
You can endure the liuerie of a Nunne,	78
For aye to be in shady Cloister mew'd,	79
To liue a barren fister all your life,	80
Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moon	ne, 81
Thrice bleffed they that mafter so their blood,	85
To vndergo such maiden pilgrimage,	8
But earthlier happie is the Rose distil'd,	8-
Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,	84
Growes, liues, and dies, in fingle bleffednesse.	84
Her. So will I grow, fo liue, fo die my Lord,	8
Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent vp	8
3	

- 88 Vnto his Lordshippe, whose vnwished yoake
- 89 My soule consents not to give souerainty.
- go The. Take time to pawfe, and by the next newe moone,
- or The fealing day, betwixt my loue and mee,
- 92 For euerlasting bond of fellowshippe,
- 93 Vpon that day either prepare to dye,
- 94 For disobedience to your fathers will,
- 95 Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would,
- 96 Or on Dianaes altar to protest,
- 98 97 For aye, austeritie and single life.
 - 98 Deme. Relent, sweete Hermia, and, Lysander, yeeld
 - 99 Thy crazed title to my certaine right.
 - 100 Lys. You have her fathers love, Demetrius:
 - 101 Let me haue Hermias: doe you marry him.
 - 102 Egeus. Scornefull Lysander, true, he hath my loue:
 - 103 And what is mine, my loue shall render him.
 - 104 And she is mine, and all my right of her
 - 105 I doe estate vnto Demetrius.
 - 106 Lysand. I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as hee,
 - 107 As well possest: my loue is more than his:
 - 108 My fortunes euery way as fairely rankt
 - 109 (If not with vantage) as Demetrius:
 - 110 And (which is more then all these boastes can be)
 - III I am belou'd of beautious Hermia.
 - 112 Why should not I then prosecute my right?
 - 113 Demetrius, Ile auouch it to his heade,
 - 114 Made loue to Nedars daughter, Helena,
 - 115 And won her foule: and she (sweete Ladie) dotes,
 - 116 Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
- 118 117 Vpon this spotted and inconstant man.
 - 118 The. I must confesse, that I have heard so much;
 - 119 And, with Demetrius, thought to have spoke thereof;
 - 120 But, being ouer full of selfe affaires,
 - 121 My minde did loose it. But Demetrius come,
 - 122 And come Egeus, you shall goe with mee:
 - 143 I have some private schooling for you both.

Vnto his Lordship, whose vnwished yoake,	89
My foule confents not to giue foueraignty.	90
The. Take time to pause, and by the next new Moon	91
The fealing day betwixt my loue and me,	92
For euerlasting bond of fellowship:	93
Vpon that day either prepare to dye,	94
For disobedience to your fathers will,	95
Or else to wed Demetrius as hee would,	96
Or on Dianaes Altar to protest	97
For aie, austerity, and fingle life.	98
Dem. Relent sweet Hermia, and Lysander, yeelde	99
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.	100
Lys. You have her fathers love, Demetrius:	101
Let me haue <i>Hermiaes</i> : do you marry him.	102
Egeus. Scornfull Lysander, true, he hath my Loue;	103
Aud what is mine, my loue shall render him.	104
And she is mine, and all my right of her,	105
I do estate vnto Demetrius.	106
Lys. I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as he,	107
As well possess: my loue is more then his:	108
My fortunes euery way as fairely ranck'd	109
(If not with vantage) as Demetrius:	110
And (which is more then all these boasts can be)	111
I am belou'd of beauteous Hermia.	112
Why should not I then prosecute my right?	113
Demetrius, Ile auouch it to his head,	114
Made loue to Nedars daughter, Hele na,	115
And won her foule: and she (sweet Ladie)dotes,	116
Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,	117
Vpon this spotted and inconstant man.	118
The. I must confesse, that I have heard so much,	119
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;	120
But being ouer-full of felfe-affaires,	121
My minde did lose it. But Demetrius come,	122
And come Egeus, you shall go with me,	129
I have some private schooling for you both.	124

```
124 For you, faire Hermia, looke you arme your selfe,
    125 To fit your fancies, to your fathers will;
    126 Or else, the Law of Athens yeelds you vp
    127 (Which by no meanes we may extenuate)
    128 To death, or to a vowe of fingle life,
   come my Hyppolita: what cheare my loue?
   130 Demetrius and Egeu. goe along:
    131 I must employ you in some businesse,
    132 Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you
    133 Of some thing, nerely that concernes your selues.
135 134 Ege. With duety and defire, we follow you.
                                                       Exeunt.
        Lysand. How now my loue? Why is your cheeke so pale?
    136 How chance the roles there doe fade so fast?
       Her. Belike, for want of raine: which I could well
   138 Beteeme them, from the tempest of my eyes.
       Lif. Eigh me: for aught that I could ever reade,
   140 Could euer here by tale or history,
    141 The course of true loue neuer did runne smoothe;
    But either it was different in bloud;
       Her. O crosse! too high to be inthrald to loue.
       List. Or else misgraffed, in respect of yeares;
       Her. O spight! too olde to be ingag'd to young.
       List. Or elfe, it stoode vpon the choyce of friends;
       Her. O hell, to choose loue by anothers eyes!
   148 Ly. Or, if there were a sympathy in choyce,
   149 Warre, death or ficknesse, did lay siege to it;
    150 Making it momentany, as a found,
153 151 Swift, as a shadowe; short, as any dreame;
    152 Briefe, as the lightning in the collied night,
    153 That (in a spleene) vnfolds both heauen and earth;
    154 And, ere a man hath power to fay, beholde,
```

The iawes of darkenesse do deuoure it vp:
156 So quicke bright things come to confusion.
157 Her. If then true louers haue bin euer crost,

158 It stands as an edict, in destiny:

Digitized by Google

```
159 Then let vs teach our triall patience:
```

160 Because it is a customary crosse,

161 As dewe to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and fighes,

162 Wishes, and teares; poore Fancies followers.

163 Lys. A good perswasion: therefore heare mee, Hermia:

164 I haue a widowe aunt, a dowager,

165 Of great reuenew, and she hath no childe:

166 From Athens is her house remote, seauen leagues:

169 167 And she respectes mee, as her only sonne:

168 There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee:

169 And to that place, the sharpe Athenian law

170 Can not pursue vs. If thou louest mee, then

171 Steale forth thy fathers house, to morrow night:

172 And in the wood, a league without the towne

173 (Where I did meete thee once with Helena

174 To do observance to a morne of May)

175 There will I stay for thee.

176 Her. My good Lysander,

177 I sweare to thee, by Cupids strongest bowe,

178 By his best arrowe, with the golden heade,

179 By the simplicitie of Venus doues,

180 By that which knitteth foules, and prospers loues,

181 And by that fire which burnd the Carthage queene,

182 When the false Troian vnder saile was seene,

183 By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,

184 (In number more then euer women spoke)

185 In that same place thou hast appointed mee,

186 To morrow truely will I meete with thee.

189 187 Lys. Keepe promise loue: looke, here comes Helena.

188 Enter Helena.

189 нег. God speede faire Helena: whither away?

190 Hel. Call you mee faire? That faire againe vnfay.

191 Demetrius loues your faire: ô happy faire!

Your eyes are loadstarres, and your tongues sweete aire

193 More tunable then larke, to sheepeheards eare,

```
When wheat is greene, when hauthorne buddes appeare.
   195 Sicknesse is catching: O, were fauour so,
   196 Your words I catch, faire Hermia, ere I goe,
   197 My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
   198 My tongue should catch your tongues sweete melody.
   199 Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
   200 The rest ile giue to be to you translated.
   201 O, teach mee how you looke, and with what Art,
   202 You sway the motion of Demetrius heart.
       Her. I frowne vpon him; yet hee loues mee still.
       Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skil.
       Her. I give him curses; yet he gives mee loue.
       Hel. O that my prayers could fuch affection mooue.
       Her. The more I hate, the more he followes mee.
   207
       Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth mee.
        Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.
        Hel. None but your beauty; would that fault were mine.
        Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face:
   212 Lysander and my selfe will fly this place.
   213 Before the time I did Lisander see.
217 214 Seem'd Athens as a Paradife to mee.
   215 O then, what graces in my loue dooe dwell,
   216 That hee hath turnd a heauen vnto a hell!
```

217 Lys. Helen, to you our mindes wee will vnfould:
218 To morrow night, when Phæbe doth beholde
219 Her filuer visage, in the watty glasse,
220 Decking, with liquid pearle, the bladed grasse
221 (A time, that louers flights doth still conceale)
222 Through Athens gates, have wee deuis'd to steale.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I, Vpon faint Primrose beddes, were wont to lye, Emptying our bosomes, of their counsell sweld, There my Lysander, and my selfe shall meete, And thence, from Athens, turne away our eyes, To seeke new friends and strange companions.

When wheate is greene, when hauthorne buds appeare,	196
Sicknesse is catching: O were fauor so,	197
Your words I catch, faire Hermia ere I go,	198
My eare should catch your voice, my eye, y our eye,	199
My tongue should catch your tongues sweet melodie,	200
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,	201
The rest Ile giue to be to you translated.	202
O teach me how you looke, and with what art	203
you sway the motion of Demetrius hart.	204
Her. I frowne vpon him, yet he loues me still.	205
Hel. O that your frownes would teach my smiles	206
fuch skil.	207
Her. I giue him curses, yet he giues me loue.	208
Hel. O that my prayers could fuch affection mooue.	209
Her. The more I hate, the more he followes me.	210
Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth me.	211
Her. His folly Helena is none of mine.	212
Hel. None but your beauty, wold that fault wer mine	213
Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face,	214
Lysander and my selfe will flie this place.	215
Before the time I did Lyfander see,	216
Seem'd Athens like a Paradife to mee.	217
O then, what graces in my Loue do dwell,	218
That he hath turn'd a heauen into hell.	219
Lys. Helen, to you our mindes we will vnfold,	220
To morrow night, when Phabe doth behold	221
Her filuer visage, in the watry glasse,	222
Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed graffe	223
(A time that Louers flights doth still conceale)	224
Through Athens gates, haue we deuis'd to steale.	225
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,	226
Vpon faint Primrose beds, were wont to lye,	227
Emptying our bosomes, of their counsell sweld:	228
There my Lyfander, and my felfe shall meete,	229
And thence from Athens turne away our eyes	230
To feeke new friends and strange companions,	231

```
229 Farewell, sweete playfellow: pray thou for vs:
   230 And good lucke graunt thee thy Demetrius.
   231 Keepe word Lyfander: we must starue our sight,
   232 From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.
                              Exit Hermia.
   233
        Lys. I will my Hermia. Helena adieu:
   234
   235 As you on him, Demetrius dote on you, Exit Lysander.
       Hele. How happie some, ore othersome, can be,
240 237 Through Athens, I am thought as faire as shee.
   238 But what of that? Demetrius thinkes not so:
   239 He will not knowe, what all, but hee doe know.
   240 And as hee erres, doting on Hermias eyes:
   241 So I, admiring of his qualities.
   242 Things base and vile, holding no quantitie,
   243 Loue can transpose to forme and dignitie.
   Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde:
   245 And therefore is wingd Cupid painted blinde.
   246 Nor hath loues minde of any judgement tafte:
   247 Wings, and no eyes, figure, vnheedy hafte.
   248 And therefore is loue faid to bee a childe:
   249 Because, in choyce, he is so oft beguil'd.
   250 As waggish boyes, in game, themselves forsweare:
   251 So the boy, Loue, is periur'd euery where.
255 252 For, ere Demetrius lookt on Hermias eyen,
   253 Hee hayld downe othes, that he was onely mine.
   254 And when this haile some heate, from Hermia, felt,
   255 So he diffolued, and showrs of oathes did melt.
   256 I will goe tell him of faire Hermias flight:
   257 Then, to the wodde, will he, to morrow night,
   258 Pursue her: and for this intelligence.
```

Enter Quince, the Carpenter; and Snugge, the Ioyner; and
Bottom, the Weauer; and Flute, the Bellowes mender; &
Snout, the Tinker; and Starueling the Tayler.

259 If I haue thankes, it is a deare expense: 260 But herein meane I to enrich my paine, 261 To haue his sight thither, and back againe.

Exit.

1623	A Midsom	mer Nights Dreame		43
Farwell fwee	et play-fellow.	pray thou for vs,		233
		e thy Demetrius.		23
		must starue our sight,		234
		prrow deepe midnight.		23
		Exit Herm	ia.	23
Lvs. I will	l mv <i>Hermia</i> .	Helena adieu,		23'
		dotes on you. Exit I	vlander.	23
		, ore othersome can be		23
		ught as faire as she.	•	24
-		rius thinkes not so:		24
		ll, but he doth know,		24
		on Hermias eyes;		24
	ng of his quali			24
		lding no quantity,		24
		me and dignity,		24
		eyes, but with the mir	ıd e.	24'
		upid painted blinde.		248
		iny iudgement taste:		249
		, vnheedy haste.		250
		d to be a childe,		25
	hoife he is oft			252
		themselues forsweare	:	25
	•	d euery where.		254
		on <i>Hermias</i> eyne,		25
		nat he was onely mine.		256
		e heat from <i>Hermia</i> fe		25'
		es of oathes did melt,		258
		: Hermias flight:		259
		to morrow night		266
	and for his in	•		26
		deere expence:		269
		nrich my paine,		263
		and backe againe.	Exit.	264
Enter Quince	e the Carpente:	r, Snug the Ioyner, Bo	ttome the	26
		es-mender, Snout the Tir		26
Staruelin	o the Taylor.			26'

- 265 Qnin. Is all our company heere?
- 266 Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by
- 267 man, according to the scrippe.
- 268 Quin. Here is the scrowle of euery mans name, which is
- 269 thought fit, through al Athens, to play in our Enterlude, be-
- 270 fore the Duke, & the Dutches; on his wedding day at night.
- 271 Bott. First good Peeter Quince, say what the Play treats on:
- 272 then read the names of the Actors: & so grow to a point.
- 273 Quin. Mary, our Play is the most lamentable comedy,
- 274 and most cruell death of Pyramus and Thisby.
- 280 275 Bot. A very good peece of worke, I affure you, & a mer-
 - 276 ry. Now good Peeter Quince, call forth your Actors, by the
 - 277 scrowle. Masters, spreade your selues.
 - 278 Quin. Answere, as I call you Nick Bottom, the Weauer?
 - 279 Bott. Readie: Name what part I am for, and proceede.
 - 280 Quin. You, Nick Bottom are set downe for Pyramus.
 - 281 Bott. What is Pyramus? A louer, or a tyrant?
 - 282 Quin. A louer that kils himselfe, most gallant, for loue.
 - 283 Bott. That will aske some teares in the true performing
 - of it. If I doe it, let the Audience looke to their eyes: I wil
 - 285 mooue stormes: I will condole, in some measure. To the
 - 286 rest yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play Er-
 - 287 cles rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all split the
 - 288 raging rocks: and shiuering shocks, shall breake the locks
 - 289 of prison gates. and *Phibbus* carre shall shine from farre,
 - 290 and make & marre the foolish Fates. This was loftie. Now,
 - 291 name the rest of the Players. This is Ercles vaine, a tyrants
 - 292 vaine: A louer is more condoling.
- 303 293 Quin Francis Flute, the Bellowes mender.

Quin. Is all our company heere?	268
Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by	269
man, according to the scrip.	270
Qui. Here is the scrowle of euery mans name, which	271
is thought fit through all Athens, to play in our Enter-	272
lude before the Duke and the Dutches, on his wedding	278
day at night.	274
Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats	275
on: then read the names of the Actors: and fo grow on	276
to a point.	27
Quin. Marry our play is the most lamentable Come-	278
dy, and most cruell death of Pyramus and Thisbie.	279
Bot. A very good peece of worke I affure you, and a	280
merry. Now good Peter Quince, call forth your Actors	281
by the scrowle. Masters spread your selues.	282
Quince. Answere as I call you. Nick Bottome the	289
Weauer.	284
Bottome. Ready; name what part I am for, and	285
proceed.	286
Quince. You Nicke Bottome are set downe for Py-	287
ramus.	288
Bot. What is Pyramus, a louer, or a tyrant?	288
Quin. A Louer that kills himselfe most gallantly for	290
loue.	291
Bot. That will aske some teares in the true perfor-	292
ming of it: if I do it, let the audience looke to their eies:	293
I will mooue stormes; I will condole in some measure.	294
To the rest yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could	295
play Erclés rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all	296
fplit the raging Rocks; and shiuering shocks shall break	297
the locks of prison gates, and Phibbus carre shall shine	298
from farre, and make and marre the foolish Fates. This	299
was lofty. Now name the rest of the Players. This	300
is Ercles vaine, a tyrants vaine: a louer is more condo-	301
ling.	302
Ouin. Francis Flute the Bellowes-mender	309

- 294 Flu. Here Peeter Quince.
- 295 Quin. Flute, you must take Thisby, on you.
- 296 Fla. What is Thisby? A wandring knight?
- 297 Quin. It is the Lady, that Pyramus must loue. (ming.
- 298 Fl. Nay faith: let not me play a womã: I haue a beard co-
- Quin. Thats all one: you shall play it in a Maske: and you may speake as small as you will.
- 301 Bott. And I may hide my face, let me play Thisby to: Ile
- 302 speake in a monstrous little voice; Thisne, Thisne, ah Py-
- 303 ramus, my louer deare, thy Thysby deare, & Lady deare.
- 304 Qu. No, no you must play Pyramus: & Flute, you Thysby.
- 305 Bot. Well, proceede. Qui. Robin Starueling, the Tailer?
- 306 Star. Here Peeter Quince.
- 321 307 Quin. Robin Starueling, you must play Thysbyes mother.
 - 308 Tom Snowte, the Tinker?
 - 309 Snowt. Here Peter Quince.
 - 310 Quin. You, Pyramus father; my selfe, Thisbies father;
 - 311 Snugge, the Ioyner, you the Lyons part: And I hope here 312 is a Play fitted.
 - 313 Snug. Haue you the Lyons part written? Pray you, if it
 - 314 bee, giue it mee: for I am slowe of studie.
 - 315 Quin. You may doe it, extempore: for it is nothing but 316 roaring.
 - 317 Bott. Let mee play the Lyon to. I will roare, that I will
 - 318 doe any mans heart good to heare mee. I will roare, that
 - 319 I will make the Duke say; Let him roare againe: let him 320 roare againe.
 - 321 Quin. And you should do it too terribly, you would fright
- 387 322 the Dutchesse, and the Ladies, that they would shrike: and
 - 323 that were inough to hang vs all.
 - 324 All. That would hang vs, euery mothers sonne.

1623 A Midsommer N	ights Dreame 4
Flu. Heere Peter Quince.	30
Quin. You must take Thisbie	on you.
Flut. What is Thisbie, a wand	lring Knight? 30
Quin. It is the Lady that Pyr	ramus must loue. 30
Flut. Nay faith, let not mee	play a woman, I haue a 30
beard comming.	30
Qui. That's all one, you shall	play it in a Maske, and 81
you may speake as small as you	
Bot. And I may hide my face,	let me play Thisbie too: 31
Ile speake in a monstrous little v	
Pyramus my louer deare, thy 2	Thisbie deare, and Lady 31
deare.	31
Quin. No no, you must play I	Pyramus, and Flute, you 81
Thisby.	31
Bot. Well, proceed.	31
Qu. Robin Starueling the Tay	ylor. 31
Star. Heere Peter Quince.	32
Quince. Robin Starueling, y	ou must play <i>Thisbies</i> 82
mother?	32
Tom Snowt, the Tinker.	32
Snowt. Heere Peter Quince.	32
Quin. You, Pyramus father;	my self, This bies father; 32
Snugge the Ioyner, you the Lyon	ns part: and I hope there 82
is a play fitted.	32
Snug. Haue you the Lions p	art written? pray you if 32
be, giue it me, for I am flow of	studie. 32
Quin. You may doe it exten	<i>porie</i> , for it is nothing 83
but roaring.	88
Bot. Let mee play the Lyon	
will doe any mans heart good to	heare me. I will roare, 33
that I will make the Duke say, l	Let him roare againe, let 33
him roare againe.	38
Quin. If you should doe it	
fright the Dutchesse and the	
shrike, and that were enough to	hang vs all.
All. That would hang vs eue	ry mothers fonne. 38

325 Bot. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the Ladies 326 out of their wits, they would have no more discretion, but 327 to hang vs: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will 328 roare you as gently, as any sucking doue: I will roare you, 329 and 'twere any Nightingale.

330 Quin. You can play no part but Piramus: for Piramus is a 331 fweete fac't man; a proper man as one shall see in a som-332 mers day; a most louely gentlemanlike man: therefore 333 you must needes play Piramus.

334 Bot. Well: I will vndertake it. What beard were I best 351 335 to play it in?

336 Quin. Why? what you will.

337 Bot. I wil discharge it, in either your straw colour beard, 338 your Orange tawnie bearde, your purple in graine beard, 339 or your french crowne colour beard, your persit yellow.

Quin. Some of your french crownes have no haire at all; 341 and then you will play bare fac't. But maisters here are 342 your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire 343 you, to con them by to morrow night: and meete mee in 344 the palace wood, a mile without the towne, by Moone-345 light; there will wee rehearse: for if wee meete in the city, 346 wee shal be dogd with company, and our deuises known. 347 In the meane time, I will draw a bill of properties, such as 348 our play wants. I pray you faile me not. 349 Bot Wee will meete, & there we may rehearse most ob-350 scenely, and coragiously. Take paines, bee persit: adieu.

351 Quin. At the Dukes oke wee meete.

Bot. Enough: holde, or cut bowstrings.



Exeunt.

fect, adieu.

Quin. At the Dukes oake we meete.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bow-strings.

	т.
Bottome. I graunt you friends, if that you should	34
fright the Ladies out of their Wittes, they would	34
haue no more discretion but to hang vs: but I will ag-	34
grauate my voyce fo, that I will roare you as gently as	34
any fucking Doue; I will roare and 'twere any Nightin-	34
gale.	34
Quin. You can play no part but Piramus, for Pira-	34
mus is a sweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one shall see in	34
a fummers day; a most louely Gentleman-like man, ther-	34
fore you must needs play Piramus.	34
Bot. Well, I will vndertake it. What beard were I	35
best to play it in?	35
Quin. Why, what you will.	35
Bot. I will discharge it, in either your straw-colour	35
beard, your orange tawnie beard, your purple in graine	35
beard, or your French-crowne colour'd beard, your per-	35
fect yellow.	35
Quin. Some of your French Crownes have no haire	35
at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But masters here	35
are your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and	359
defire you, to con them by too morrow night: and meet	36
me in the palace wood, a mile without the Towne, by	36
Moone-light, there we will rehearfe: for if we meete in	365
the Citie, we shalbe dog'd with company, and our deui-	863
fes knowne. In the meane time, I wil draw a bil of pro-	364
perties, fuch as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.	36
Bottom. We will meete, and there we may rehearse	360
more obscenely and couragiously. Take paines, be per-	36'

368

369

370

Exeunt

```
¶ Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin goodfellow
:371 353
                               at another.
    354
         Robin. How now spirit, whither wander you?
    355
       Fa. Ouer hill, ouer dale, thorough bush, thorough brier,
   Ouer parke, ouer pale, thorough flood, thorough fire:
    358 I do wander euery where; fwifter than the Moons sphere:
    359 And I ferue the Fairy Oueene, to dew her orbs vpon the
   360 The cowflippes tall her Pensioners bee.
                                                         (greene.
   361 In their gold coats, spottes you see:
   362 Those be Rubies, Fairie fauours:
   363 In those freckles, live their favours.
   364 I must goe seeke some dew droppes here,
    365 And hang a pearle in euery couslippes eare.
    366 Farewell thou Lobbe of spirits: Ile be gon.
   367 Our Queene, and all her Elues come here anon.
   368 Rob, The king doth keepe his Reuels here to night.
    369 Take heede the Queene come not within his fight.
    370 For Oberon is passing fell and wrath:
    371 Because that she, as her attendant, hath
    372 Alouely boy stollen, from an Indian king:
    373 She neuer had so sweete a changeling.
    374 Andiealous Oberon would have the childe.
    375 Knight of his traine, to trace the forrests wilde.
    376 But shee, perforce, withhoulds the loued boy,
395 377 Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all herioy.
    378 And now, they neuer meete in groue, or greene,
    379 By fountaine cleare, or spangled starlight sheene,
    380 But they doe square, that all their Elues, for feare,
    381 Creepe into acorne cups, and hide them there.
    382 Fa. Either I mistake your shape, and making, quite,
```

383 Or els you are that shrewde and knauish sprite,

Actus Secundus.

Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin good-	371
fellow at another.	372
Rob. How now spirit, whether wander you?	373
Fai. Ouer hil, ouer dale, through bush, through briar,	374
Ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire,	375
I do wander euerie where, swifter then § Moons sphere;	376
And I serue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs vpon the	377
The Cowflips tall, her penfioners bee, (green.	378
In their gold coats, fpots you fee,	379
Those be Rubies, Fairie fauors,	380
In those freckles, liue their sauors,	381
I must go seeke some dew drops heere,	382
And hang a pearle in euery cowslips eare.	383
Farewell thou Lob of spirits, Ile be gon,	384
Our Queene and all her Elues come heere anon.	385
Rob. The King doth keepe his Reuels here to night,	386
Take heed the Queene come not within his fight,	387
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,	388
Because that she, as her attendant, hath	389
A louely boy stolne from an Indian King,	390
She neuer had so sweet a changeling,	391
And iealous Oberon would have the childe	392
Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde.	393
But she (perforce) with-holds the loued boy,	394
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy.	395
And now they neuer meete in groue, or greene,	396
By fountaine cleere, or spangled star-light sheene,	397
But they do square, that all their Elues for feare	398
Creepe into Acorne cups and hide them there.	399
Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,	400
Or elfe you are that shrew'd and knauish spirit	401

```
384 Call'd Robin goodfellow. Are not you hee, 385 That frights the maidens of the Villageree,
```

386 Skim milke, and fometimes labour in the querne,

387 And bootlesse make the breathlesse huswife cherne,

388 And sometime make the drinke to beare no barme,

389 Misselead nightwanderers, laughing at their harme?

390 Those, that Hobgoblin call you, and sweete Puck,

391 You doe their worke, and they shall have good luck.

392 Are not you hee?

411 393 Rob. Thou speakest aright; I am that merry wanderer of

394 I least to Oberon, and make him smile,

(the night,

395 When I a fat and beane-fed horse beguile;

396 Neyghing, in likenesse of a filly sole,

397 And sometime lurke I in a gossippes bole,

398 In very likenesse of a rosted crabbe.

399 And when she drinkes, against her lips I bob,

400 And on her withered dewlop, poure the ale.

401 The wifest Aunt, telling the saddest tale,

402 Sometime, for three foote stoole, mistaketh mee:

403 Then slippe I from her bumme, downe topples she,

404 And tailour cryes, and falles into a coffe;

405 And then the whole Quire hould their hippes, and loffe,

406 And waxen in their myrth, and neeze, and sweare

407 A merrier hower was neuer wasted there.

408 But roome Faery: here comes Oberon.

409 Fa. And here, my mistresse. Would that he were gon.

Enter the King of Fairies, at one doore, with his traine; and the Queene, at another, with hers.

432 412 Ob. Ill met by moonelight, proud Tytania.

Qu. What, Iealous Oberon? Fairy skippe hence.

414 I have forfworne his bedde, and company.

1623	A Midsommer Nights Dreame	53
Cal'd Robi	n Good-fellow. Are you not hee,	402
That fright	ts the maidens of the Villagree,	408
Skim milke	e, and fometimes labour in the querne,	404
And bootle	esse make the breathlesse huswife cherne,	405
And fomet	ime make the drinke to beare no barme,	406
Misleade n	ight-wanderers, laughing at their harme,	407
Those that	Hobgoblin call you, and fweet Pucke,	408
You do the	eir worke, and they shall haue good lucke.	409
Are not yo	ou he?	410
Rob. Th	ou fpeak'ft aright;	411
I am that i	merrie wanderer of the night:	412
I iest to Ol	beron, and make him smile,	413
When I a	fat and beane-fed horfe beguile,	414
Neighing i	n likenesse of a filly foale,	415
And fomet	ime lurke I in a Gossips bole,	416
	enesse of a roasted crab:	417
And when	she drinkes, against her lips I bob,	418
	r withered dewlop poure the Ale.	419
	Aunt telling the saddest tale,	420
Sometime	for three-foot stoole, mistaketh me,	421
•	from her bum, downe topples she,	422
	r cries, and fals into a coffe.	423
	the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,	424
	n in their mirth, and neeze, and fweare,	425
	houre vvas neuer wasted there.	426
	Fairy, heere comes Oberon.	427
	nd heere my Mistris:	428
Would that	t he vvere gone.	429
Enter th	he King of Fairies at one doore with his trains	e, 430
	and the Queene at another with hers.	431
Ob. Ill n	net by Moone-light,	432
Proud Tyta		433
	at, iealous Oberon? Fairy skip hence.	434
	worne his hed and companie	495

Ob. Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy Lord? 415 Qu. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know 416 417 When thou hast stollen away from Fairy land, 418 And in the shape of Corin, sat all day, 419 Playing on pipes of corne, and verfing loue, 420 To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here 421 Come from the farthest steppe of India? 422 But that, forfooth, the bounfing Amason, 423 Your buskind mistresse, and your warriour loue, 424 To Theseus must be wedded; and you come, 425 To give their bedde, joy and prosperitie. Ob. How canst thou thus, for shame, Tytania. 427 Glaunce at my credit, with Hippolita? 428 Knowing, I know thy loue to Theseus, Didst not thou lead him through the glimmering night, 430 From *Perigenia*, whom he rauished? 431 And make him, with faire Eagles, breake his faith 432 With Ariadne, and Antiopa? 454 433 Quee. These are the forgeries of iealousie: 434 And neuer, fince the middle Sommers spring, 435 Met we on hill, in dale, forrest, or meade, 436 By paued fountaine, or by rushie brooke, 437 Or in the beached margent of the Sea, 438 To daunce our ringlets to the whistling winde, 439 But with thy brawles thou hast disturbd our sport. 440 Therefore the windes, pyping to vs in vaine, 441 As in reuenge, haue fuckt vp, from the Sea, 442 Contagious fogges: which, falling in the land, 443 Hath euery pelting river made fo proude, 444 That they have overborne their Continents. 445 The Oxe hath therefore stretcht his yoake invaine,

468 447 Hath rotted, ere his youth attainde a bearde:
448 The fold stands empty, in the drowned field,
449 And crowes are fatted with the murrion flocke,
450 The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mudde:

446 The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the greene corne

Ob. Tarrie rash Wanton; am not I thy Lord?	436
Qu. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know	437
When thou vvast stolne away from Fairy Land,	438
And in the shape of Corin, sate all day,	439
Playing on pipes of Corne, and versing loue	440
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou heere	441
Come from the farthest steepe of India?	442
But that for footh the bouncing Amazon	443
Your buskin'd Mistresse, and your Warrior loue,	444
To Theseus must be Wedded; and you come,	445
To giue their bed ioy and prosperitie.	446
Ob. How canst thou thus for shame Tytania,	447
Glance at my credite, vvith Hippolita?	448
Knowing I knovv thy loue to Theseus?	449
Didst thou not leade him through the glimmering night	450
From Peregenia, whom he rauished?	451
And make him vvith faire Eagles breake his faith	452
With Ariadne, and Atiopa?	453
Que. These are the forgeries of iealousie,	454
And neuer fince the middle Summers spring	455
Met vve on hil, in dale, forrest, or mead,	456
By paued fountaine, or by rushie brooke,	457
Or in the beached margent of the sea,	458
To dance our ringlets to the whistling Winde,	459
But with thy braules thou hast disturb'd our sport.	460
Therefore the Windes, piping to vs in vaine,	461
As in reuenge, haue suck'd vp from the sea	462
Contagious fogges: Which falling in the Land,	463
Hath euerie petty Riuer made so proud,	464
That they have over-borne their Continents.	465
The Oxe hath therefore stretch'd his yoake in vaine,	466
The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the greene Corne	467
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:	468
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,	469
And Crowes are fatted with the murrion flocke,	470
The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mud,	471

451 And the queint Mazes, in the wanton greene,

452 For lacke of tread, are vndistinguishable.

453 The humane mortals want their winter heere

454 No night is now with hymne or carroll bleft.

455 Therefore the Moone (the gouernesse of floods)

456 Pale in her anger, washes all the aire;

457 That Rheumaticke diseases doe abound.

458 And, thorough this distemperature, wee see

459 The feafons alter: hoary headed frofts

460 Fall in the fresh lappe of the Crymson rose,

461 And on old Hyems chinne and Icy crowne,

462 An odorous Chaplet of sweete Sommer buddes

484 463 Is, as in mockery, fet The Spring, the Sommer,

464 The childing Autumne, angry Winter change

465 Their wonted Liueries: and the mazed worlde,

466 By their increase, now knowes not which is which:

467 And this same progeny of euils,

468 Comes from our debate, from our dissention:

469 We are their Parents and originall.

470 Oberon. Doe you amend it then: it lves in you.

471 Why should Titania crosse her Oberon?

472 I doe but begge a little Changeling boy,

473 To be my Henchman.

474 Queene. Set your heart at rest.

475 The Faiery Land buies not the childe of mee,

476 His mother was a Votresse of my order:

477 And in the spiced Indian ayer, by night,

478 Full often hath she gossipt. by my side,

479 And fat, with me on Neptunes yellow fands

480 Marking th'embarked traders on the flood:

481 When we have laught to fee the failes conceaue,

503 482 And grow bigge bellied, with the wanton winde:

483 Which she, with prettie, and with swimming gate,

484 Following (er wombe then rich with my young squire)

485 Would imitate, and faile vpon the land,

486 To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,

To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,

507

```
487 As from a voyage, rich with marchandise,
    488 But she, being mortall, of that boy did dye,
    489 And, for her fake, doe I reare up her boy:
   490 And, for her fake, I will not part with him.
          Ob. How long, within this wood, entend you flay?
          Quee. Perchaunce, till after Thefeus wedding day.
    492
   493 If you will patiently daunce in our Round,
    494 And fee our Moonelight Reuelles, goe with vs:
    495 If not, shunne me, and I will spare your haunts.
         Ob. Giue mee that boy, and I will goe with thee.
          Quee. Not for thy Fairy kingdome. Fairies away.
   498 We shall chide downeright, if I longer stay.
520 400 Ob. Well: goe thy way. Thou shalt not from this groue,
    500 Till I torment thee, for this iniury.
    501 My gentle Pucke come hither: thou remembrest,
    502 Since once I fat vpon a promontory,
    503 And heard a Mearemaide, on a Dolphins backe,
    504 Vttering fuch dulcet and hermonious breath,
    505 That the rude fea grewe ciuil at her fong,
    506 And cettaine starres shot madly from their Spheares,
    507 To heare the Sea-maids musicke.
       Puck. I remember.
          Ob. That very time, I faw (but thou could'ft not)
    510 Flying betweene the colde Moone and the earth,
    511 Cupid, all arm'd: a certaine aime he tooke
    512 At a faire Vestall, throned by west,
    513 And loof'd his loue-shaft smartly, from his bowe,
    514 As it should pearce a hundred thousand hearts:
    515 But, I might fee young Cupids fiery shaft
    516 Quencht in the chast beames of the watry Moone:
538 517 And the imperial Votresse passed on,
    518 In maiden meditation, fancy free.
    519 Yet markt I, where the bolt of Cupid fell.
    520 It fell vpon a little westerne flower;
    521 Before, milke white; now purple, with loues wound,
    522 And maidens eall it, Loue in idlenesse.
```

As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.	508
But she being mortall, of that boy did die,	509
And for her fake I doe reare vp her boy,	510
And for her fake I will not part with him.	511
Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay?	512
Qu. Perchance till after Theseus wedding day.	513
If you will patiently dance in our Round,	514
And fee our Moone-light reuels, goe with vs;	515
If not, shun me and I will spare your haunts.	516
Ob. Giue me that boy, and I will goe with thee.	517
Qu. Not for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away:	518
We shall chide downe right, if I longer stay. Exeunt.	519
Ob. Wel, go thy way: thou shalt not from this groue,	520
Till I torment thee for this iniury.	521
My gentle Pucke come hither; thou remembrest	522
Since once I fat vpon a promontory,	523
And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,	524
Vttering fuch dulcet and harmonious breath,	525
That the rude sea grew ciuill at her song,	526
And certaine starres shot madly from their Spheares,	527
To heare the Sea-maids musicke.	528
Puc. I remember.	529
Ob. That very time I say (but thou couldst not)	530
Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,	531
Cupid all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke	532
At a faire Vestall, throned by the West,	533
And loos'd his loue-shaft smartly from his bow,	534
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,	535
But I might see young Cupids fiery shaft	536
Quencht in the chaste beames of the watry Moone;	537
And the imperial Votresse passed on,	538
In maiden meditation, fancy free.	539
Yet markt I where the bolt of Cupid fell.	540
It fell vpon a little westerne flower;	541
Before, milke-white; now purple with loues wound,	542
And maidens call it, Loue in idlenesse.	54 3

```
523 Fetch mee that flowre: the herbe I shewed thee once
```

524 The iewce of it, on fleep ing eyeliddes laide,

525 Will make or man or woman madly dote,

526 Vpon the next liue creature that it fees.

527 Fetch mee this herbe, and be thou here againe

528 Ere the Leuiathan can swimme a league.

529 Pu. Ile put a girdle, roud about the earth, in forty minutes.

Oberon. Hauing once this iuice,

531 Ile watch Titania, when she is a sleepe,

532 And droppe the liquor of it, in her eyes:

533 The next thing then she, waking, lookes vpon

534 (Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,

535 On medling Monky, or on busie Ape)

536 She shall pursue it, with the soule of Loue.

537 And ere I take this charme, from of her fight

538 (As I can take it with another herbe)

539 Ile make her render vp her Page, to mee.

540 But, who comes here? I am inuifible.

541 And I will overheare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

```
543 Deme. I loue thee not: therefore pursue me not,
```

544 Where is Lysander, and faire Hermia?

545 The one Ile stay: the other stayeth me.

546 Thou toldst me, they were stolne vnto this wood:

547 And heream I, and wodde, within this wood:

548 Because I cannot meete my Hermia.

549 Hence, get the gone, and follow mee no more.

572 550 Hel. You draw mee, you hard hearted Adamant:

551 But yet you draw not Iron. For my heart

552 Is true as steele. Leaue you your power to draw,

553 And I shall have no power to follow you.

554 Deme. Doe I entise you? Doe I speake you faire?

555 Or rather doe I not in plainest truthe,

556 Tell you I doe not, not I cannot loue you?



1623	A Midsommer Nights Dreame	61
Fetch me th	at flower; the hearb I shew'd thee once,	544
The iuyce of	f it, on fleeping eye-lids laid,	545
Will make o	or man or woman madly dote	546
Vpon the ne	ext liue creature that it fees.	547
Fetch me th	is hearbe, and be thou heere againe,	548
Ere the Leu	aiathan can fwim a league.	549
Pucke. Ile	e put a girdle about the earth, in forty mi-	550
nutes.	•	551
Ober. Ha	uing once this iuyce,	552
	itania, when she is asleepe,	553
And drop th	ne liquor of it in her eyes:	554
The next th	ing when she waking lookes vpon,	55 5
(Be it on L	yon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,	556
On medling	Monkey, or on busie Ape)	557
Shee shall p	ourfue it, with the foule of loue.	558
And ere I ta	ake this charme off from her fight,	559
(As I can ta	ake it with another hearbe)	560
Ile make he	r render vp her Page to me.	561
But who cor	nes heere? I am inuisible,	562
And I will o	ouer-heare their conference.	563
En	nter Demetrius, Helena following him.	564
Deme. Il	oue thee not, therefore purfue me not,	565
Where is L	ysander, and faire Hermia?	566
The one Ile	stay, the other stayeth me.	567
	me they were stolne into this wood;	568
	am I, and wood within this wood,	569
Because I ca	annot meet my Hermia.	570
Hence, get	thee gone, and follow me no more.	571
Hel. You	draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,	572
But yet you	draw not Iron, for my heart	573
Is true as ft	eele. Leaue you your power to draw,	574
	haue no power to follow you.	575
	o I entice you? do I speake you faire?	576
Or rather de	oe I not in plainest truth,	577
Tell you I d	loe not, nor I cannot loue vou?	578

```
557 Hele. And euen, for that, do I loue you, the more:
    558 I am your Spaniell: and, Demetrius,
    559 The more you beat mee, I will fawne on you.
    560 Vse me but as your Spaniell: spurne me, strike mee,
    561 Neglect mee, loofe me: onely give me leave
    562 (Vnworthie as I am) to follow you.
    563 What worfer place can I begge, in your loue
    564 (And yet, a place of high respect with mee)
    565 Then to be vied as you vie your dogge.
    566 Deme. Tempt not, too much, the hatred of my spirit.
    567 For I am fick, when I do looke on thee.
    568 Hele. And I am fick, when I looke not on you.
591 569 Deme. You doe impeach your modestie too much,
   570 To leave the citie, and commit your felfe,
   571 Into the hands of one that loues you not,
   572 To trust the opportunitie of night,
   573 And the ill counsell of a desert place,
   574 With the rich worth of your virginitie.
   575 Hel. Your vertue is my priviledge: For that
   576 It is not night, when I doe see your face.
   577 Therefore, I thinke, I am not in the night,
   578 Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company.
   579 For you, in my respect, are all the world.
   580 Then, how can it be faide, I am alone,
   581 When all the world is here, to looke on mee?
   582 Deme. Ile runne from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
   583 And leave thee to the mercy of wilde beaftes.
   584 Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
   585 Runne when you will: The story shall be chaung'd:
   586 Apollo flies and Daphne holds the chase:
609 587 The Doue pursues the Griffon: the milde Hinde
   588 Makes speede to catch the Tigre. Bootelesse speede,
```

589 When cowardife pursues, and valour flies.
590 Demet. I will not stay thy questions. Let me goe:
591 Or if thou followe mee, do not beleeue.

But I shall doe thee mischiefe, in the wood.

Digitized by Google

Hel. And euen for that doe I loue thee the more;	579
I am your spaniell, and Demetrius,	580
The more you beat me, I will fawne on you.	581
Vie me but as your spaniell; spurne me, strike me,	582
Neglect me, lose me; onely giue me leaue	583
(Vnworthy as I am) to follow you.	584
What worfer place can I beg in your loue,	585
(And yet a place of high respect with me)	586
Then to be vied as you doe your dogge.	587
Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,	588
For I am ficke when I do looke on thee.	589
Hel. And I am sicke when I looke not on you.	590
Dem. You doe impeach your modesty too much,	591
To leaue the Citty, and commit your felfe	592
Into the hands of one that loues you not,	593
To trust the opportunity of night,	594
And the ill counfell of a defert place,	595
With the rich worth of your virginity.	596
Hel. Your vertue is my priuiledge: for that	597
It is not night when I doe see your face.	598
Therefore I thinke I am not in the night,	599
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,	600
For you in my respect are nll the world.	601
Then how can it be faid I am alone,	602
When all the world is heere to looke on me?	603
Dem. Ile run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,	604
And leave thee to the mercy of wilde beafts.	605
Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you;	606
Runne when you will, the flory shall be chang'd:	607
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;	608
The Doue pursues the Griffin, the milde Hinde	609
Makes speed to catch the Tyger. Bootlesse speede,	610
When cowardise pursues, and valour flies.	611
Demet. I will not flay thy questions, let me go;	612
Or if thou follow me, doe not beleeue,	613
But I shall doe thee mischiese in the wood.	614

593 Hel. I, in the Temple, in the towne, the fielde,

594 You doe me mischiefe. Fy Demetrius.

595 Your wrongs doe fet a scandall on my fex:

596 We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe:

597 We should be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.

598 Ile follow thee and make a heauen of hell,

599 To dy vpon the hand I loue fo well.

600 Ob. Fare thee well Nymph. Ere he do leaue this groue,

for Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seeke thy loue.

602 Hast thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

604 Puck. I, there it is.

605 Ob. I pray thee giue it mee.

606 I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,

607 Where Oxlips, and the nodding Violet growes,

608 Quite ouercanopi'd with lushious woodbine,

609 With sweete muske roses, and with Eglantine:

610 There sleepes Tytania, sometime of the night,

611 Luld in these flowers, with daunces and delight:

612 And there the snake throwes her enammeld skinne,

635 613 Weed wide enough to wrappe a Fairy in.

614 And, with the iuyce of this, Ile streake her eyes,

615 And make her full of hatefull phantafies.

616 Take thou some of it, and seeke through this groue:

617 A sweete Athenian Lady is in loue,

618 With a disdainefull youth: annoint his eyes.

619 But doe it, when the next thing he espies,

620 May be the Ladie. Thou shalt know the man,

621 By the Athenian garments he hath on.

622 Effect it with some care; that he may prooue

623 More fond on her, then she vpon her loue:

624 And looke thou meete me ere the first Cocke crowe.

625 Pu. Feare not my Lord: your servant shall do so. Exeunt,

Hel. I, in the Temple in the Towne, and Field	618
You doe me mischiese. Fye Demetrius,	616
Your wrongs doe set a scandall on my sexe:	61'
We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe;	618
We should be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.	619
I follow thee, and make a heauen of hell,	620
To die vpon the hand I loue fo well. Exit.	62
Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leaue this groue,	623
Thou shalt flie him, and he shall seeke thy loue.	62
Hast thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.	624
Enter Pucke.	62
Puck. I, there it is.	62
Ob. I pray thee giue it me.	62'
I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,	628
Where Oxilips and the nodding Violet growes,	629
Quite ouer-cannoped with luscious woodbine,	630
With sweet muske roses, and with Eglantine;	63
There fleepes Tytania, fometime of the night,	632
Lul'd in these flowers, with dances and delight:	633
And there the fnake throwes her enammel'd skinne,	634
Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in.	638
And with the iuyce of this Ile streake her eyes,	636
And make her full of hatefull fantasies.	63'
Take thou some of it, and seek through this groue;	638
A fweet Athenian Lady is in loue	639
With a disdainefull youth: annoint his eyes,	640
But doe it when the next thing he espies,	64
May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man,	642
By the Athenian garments he hath on.	64
Effect it with some care, that he may proue	644
More fond on her, then she vpon her loue;	640
And looke thou meet me ere the first Cocke crow.	646
Pu Feare not my Lord your fernant shall do so Frit	BA!

Enter Tytania Queene of Fairies, with her traine.

```
Quee. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy fong:
    628 Then, for the third part of a minute hence,
    629 Some to kill cankers in the musk rose buds.
    630 Some warre with Reremise, for their lethten wings,
    631 To make my small Elues coates, and some keepe backe
    632 The clamorous Owle, that nightly hootes and wonders
    633 At our queint spirits: Sing me now a fleepe:
    634 Then to your offices, and let mee rest.
657 635
                              Fairies fing.
               You spotted Snakes, with double tongue,
    636
               Thorny Hedgehoggesbe not feene,
    637
               Newts and blindewormes do no wrong,
    638
    639
               Come not neere our Fairy Queene.
              Philomele, with melody,
    640
               Sing in our fweete Lullaby,
    641
              Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
    642
               Neuer harme, nor spell; nor charme,
    643
              Come our louely lady nigh.
    644
              So good night, with lullaby.
    645
                 1. Fai. Weauing Spiders come not heere:
    646
               Hence you long legd Spinners, hence:
    647
               Beetles blacke approach not neere:
    648
               Worme nor fnaile doe no offence.
    649
              Philomele with melody, &c.
    650
    651
                2. Fai. Hence away: now all is well:
              One aloofe, stand Centinell.
    652
                                 Enter Oberon.
    653
         Ob. What thou feeft, when thou doest wake,
    655 Doe it for thy true loue take:
   656 Loue and languish for his sake.
679 657 Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,
   658 Pard, or Boare with briftled haire,
```



1623	A Midsommer Nights Dreame	67
	Enter Queene of Fairies, with her traine.	648
	en. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy fong;	649
	or the third part of a minute hence,	650
	to kill Cankers in the mu ke rose buds,	651
	warre with Reremife, for their leathern wings,	652
	ke my fmall Elues coates, and fome keepe backe	653
	amorous Owle that nightly hoots and wonders	654
	queint spirits: Sing me now asseepe,	655
	o your offices, and let me rest.	656
	Fairies Sing.	657
	You spotted Snakes with double tongue,	658
	Thorny Hedgehogges be not seene,	659
	Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,	660
	Come not neere our Fairy Queene.	661
	Philomele with melodie,	662
	Sing in your sweet Lullaby,	668
	Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,	664
	Neuer harme, nor spell, nor charme,	665
	Come our louely Lady nye,	666
	So good night with Lullaby.	667
	2. Fairy. Weauing Spiders come not heere,	668
	Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence:	669
	Beetles blacke approach not neere;	670
	Worme nor Snayle doe no offence.	671
	Philomele with melody, &c.	672
	1. Fairy. Hence away, now all is well;	678
	One aloofe, stand Centinell. Shee sleepes.	674
	Enter Oberon.	678
Ober	r. What thou feest when thou dost wake,	670
Doe it	for thy true Loue take:	67
Loue a	and languish for his sake.	678
	Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,	679
Pard,	or Boare with briftled haire,	68

```
659 In thy eye that shall appeare,
```

660 When thou wak'st, it is thy deare:

661 Wake, when some vile thing is neere.

Enter Lysander: and Hermia.

663 Lys. Faire loue, you fainte, with wandring in the wood:

664 And to speake troth I have forgot our way.

665 Weele rest vs Hermia, if you thinke it good,

666 And tarry for the comfor of the day.

567 Her. Bet it so Lysander: finde you out a bedde:

668 For I, vpon this banke, will rest my head.

Lys. One turfe shall serue, as pillow, for vs both,

670 One heart, one bedde, two bosomes, and one troth.

Her. Nay god Lysander: for my sake, my deere

672 Ly further off, yet; doe not lye so neere.

.695 673 Lys. O take the sense, sweete, of my innocence.

674 Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference.

675 I meane that my heart vnto yours it knit;

676 So that but one heart wee can make of it:

677 Two bosomes interchained with an oath:

678 So then two bosomes, and a single troth.

Then, by your fide, no bed-roome me deny:

680 For lying fo, Hermia, I doe not lye.

681 Her. Lyfander riddles very prettily.

682 Now much beshrewe my manners, and my pride,

683 If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lyed.

684 But gentle friend, for loue and curtesie,

685 Ly further off, in humane modesty:

686 Such separation, as may well be faid

687 Becomes a vertuous batcheler, and a maide,

688 So farre be distant, and good night sweete friend:

689 Thy loue nere alter till thy sweete life end.

712 690 Lys. Amen, amen, to that faireprayer, say I,

691 And then end life, when I end loyalty.

692 Heere is my bed:sleepe give thee all his rest.

693 Her. With halfe that wish, the wishers eyes be prest.

1623 A Midsommer Nights Dr	reame 69
In thy eye that shall appeare,	681
When thou wak'st, it is thy deare,	682
Wake when some vile thing is neere.	683
Enter Lisander and Hermia.	684
Lif. Faire loue, you faint with wandrin	ng in ÿ́ woods, 685
And to speake troth I have forgot our wa	ıy: 686
Wee'll rest vs Hermia, if you thinke it go	od, 687
And tarry for the comfort of the day.	688
Her. Be it so Lysander; finde you out	a bed, 689
For I vpon this banke will rest my head.	690
Lys. One turfe shall serue as pillow for	vs both, 691
One heart, one bed, two bosomes, and on	e troth. 692
Her. Nay good Lysander, for my sake	my deere 693
Lie further off yet, doe not lie so neere.	694
Lys. O take the sence sweet, of my inn	ocence, 695
Loue takes the meaning, in loues confere	ence, 696
I meane that my heart vnto yours is knit	., 697
So that but one heart can you make of it.	. 698
Two bosomes interchanged with an oath,	699
So then two bosomes, and a fingle troth.	700
Then by your fide, no bed-roome me deny	y, 701
For lying so, Hermia, I doe not lye.	702
Her. Lysander riddles very prettily;	703
Now much beshrew my manners and my	pride, 704
If Hermia meant to fay, Lysander lied.	705
But gentle friend, for loue and courtesie	706
Lie further off, in humane modesty,	707
Such separation, as may well be faid,	708
Becomes a vertuous batchelour, and a ma	id e, 709
So farre be diftant, and good night fweet:	
Thy loue nere alter, till thy fweet life end	l. 711
Lys. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer,	
And then end life, when I end loyalty:	713
Heere is my bed, fleepe giue thee all his	reft. 714
Her. With halfe that with the withers	

Enter Pucke. 604 Puck. Through the forrest haue I gone. бақ 696 But Athenian found I none. 697 On whose eyes I might approue 698 This flowers force in stirring loue. 699 Night and filence. Who is heere? 700 Weedes of Athens he doth weare: 701 This is hee (my master saide) 702 Despised the Athenian maide: 703 And here the maiden, fleeping found, 704 On the danke and dirty ground. 705 Pretty fowle, she durst not lye, 706 Neere this lack-loue, this kil-curtefie. 707 Chutle, vpon thy eyes I throwe 708 All the power this charme doth owe: 709 When thou wak'st, let 'oue forbidde 710 Sleepe, his feat, on thy eye lidde.

711 So awake, when I am gon:

784 712 For I must now to Oberon.

713

Exit.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

714 Hel. Stay; though thou kill mee, sweete Demetrius.

715 De. I charge thee hence, and doe not haunt mee thus.

716 Hele.O, wilt thou darkling leave me? doe not so,

717 De. Stay, on thy perill: I alone will goe.

718 Hel.O, I am out of breath, in this fond chase,

719 The more my prayer, the leffer is my grace.

720 Happie is Hermia, wherefoere she lies:

721 For she hath blessed, and attractive eyes.

722 How came her eyes fo bright? Not with falt teares,

723 If so, my eyes are oftner washt then hers.

724 No, no: I am as vgly as a Beare:

725 For beaftes that meete mee, runne away, for feare.

726 Therefore, no maruaile, though Demetrius

Enter Pucke. They sleepe.	716
Puck. Through the Forrest haue I gone,	717
But Athenian finde I none,	718
One whose eyes I might approue	718
This flowers force in stirring loue.	720
Night and filence: who is heere?	721
Weedes of Athens he doth weare:	722
This is he (my mafter faid)	728
Despised the Athenian maide:	724
And heere the maiden sleeping found,	725
On the danke and durty ground.	726
Pretty foule, she durst not lye	727
Neere this lacke-loue, this kill-curtesie.	728
Churle, vpon thy eyes I throw.	729
All the power this charme doth owe:	730
When thou wak'st, let loue forbid	731
Sleepe his feate on thy eye-lid.	732
So awake when I am gone:	738
For I must now to Oberon. Exit.	734
Enter Demetrius and Helena running.	735
Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweete Demetrius.	736
De. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.	737
Hel. O wilt thou darkling leave me? do not fo.	738
De. Stay on thy perill, I alone will goe.	739
Exit Demetrius.	740
Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chace,	741
The more my prayer, the leffer is my grace,	742
Happy is Hermia, wherefoere she lies;	743
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.	744
How came her eyes so bright? Not with falt teares.	745
If fo, my eyes are oftner washt then hers.	746
No, no, I am as vgly as a Beare;	747
For beafts that meete me, runne away for feare,	748
Therefore no maruaile, though Demetrius	749

750 727 Doe, as a monster, fly my presence, thus.

728 What wicked and diffembling glasse, of mine,

729 Made me compare with Hermias sphery eyen!

730 But, who is here? Lysander, on the ground?

731 Dead, or a fleepe? I fee no blood, no wound,

732 Lysander, if you liue, good sir awake.

733 Lys. And runne through fire, I will for thy sweete sake.

734 Transparent Helena, nature shewes arte,

735 That through thy bosome, makes me see thy heart.

736 Where is Demetrius? Oh how fit a word

737 Is that vile name, to perish on my sworde!

761 738 Hel. Do not say so, Lyfander, say not so.

739 What though he loue your Hermia? Lord, what though?

740 Yet Hermia still loues you: then be content.

741 Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I doe repent

742 The tedious minutes, I with her haue spent.

743 Not Hermia, but Helena I loue.

744 VVho will not change a Rauen for a doue?

745 The will of man is by his reason swai'd:

746 And reason saies you are the worthier maide.

747 Things growing are not ripe, vntill their season:

748 So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason.

749 And touching now, the pomt of humane skill,

750 Reason becomes the Marshall to my will,

751 And leads mee to your eyes; where I orelooke

752 Loues stories, written in loues richest booke.

776 753 Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?

754 When, at your hands, did I deserue this scorne?

755 Ist not enough, ist not enough, young man,

756 That I did neuer, no nor neuer can,

757 Deserue a sweete looke from Demetrius eye,

758 But you must flout my insufficiency?

759 Good troth you doe mee wrong(good footh you doe)

760 In fuch disdainfull manner, mee to wooe.

761 But, fare you well: perforce, I must confesse,

762 I thought you Lord of more true gentlenesse.

Doe as a monster, flie my presence thus.	750
What wicked and diffembling glasse of mine,	751
Made me compare with <i>Hermias</i> fphery eyne?	752
But who is here? Lysander on the ground;	753
Deade or asleepe? I see no bloud, no wound,	754
Lysander, if you liue, good fir awake.	755
Lys. And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.	756
Transparent Helena, nature her shewes art,	757
That through thy bosome makes me see thy heart.	758
Where is <i>Demetrius</i> ? oh how fit a word	759
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!	760
Hel. Do not say so Lysander, say not so:	761
What though he loue your Hermia? Lord, what though?	762
Yet Hermia still loues you; then be content.	763
Lys. Content with Hermia? No, I do repent	764
The tedious minutes I with her haue spent.	765
Not Hermia, but Helena now I loue;	766
Who will not change a Rauen for a Doue?	767
The will of man is by his reason sway'd:	768
And reason saies you are the worthier Maide.	769
Things growing are not ripe vntill their feason;	770
So I being yong, till now ripe not to reason,	771
And touching now the point of humane skill,	772
Reason becomes the Marshall to my will,	773
And leades me to your eyes, where I orelooke	774
Loues stories, written in Loues richest booke.	775
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?	776
When at your hands did I deserue this scorne?	777
Ist not enough, ist not enough, yong man,	778
That I did neuer, no nor neuer can,	779
Deserve a sweete looke from Demetrius eye,	780
But you must flout my insufficiency?	781
Good troth you do me wrong(good-footh you do)	782
In fuch disdainfull manner, me to wooe.	783
But fare you well; perforce I must confesse,	784
I thought you Lord of more true gentlenesse.	785

Exit.

```
. 763 O, that a Ladie, of one man reful'd,
 764 Should, of another, therefore be abuf'd!
                                                    Exit.
      Lys. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleepe thou there,
766 And neuer maist thou come Lysander neere.
 767 For, as a furfet of the sweetest things
 768 The deepest loathing, to the stomacke bringes:
 769 Or, as the herefies, that men doe leaue,
 770 Are hated most of those they did deceive:
771 So thou, my furfet, and my herefie,
 772 Of all bee hated; but the most, of mee:
 773 And all my powers addresse your loue and might,
 774 To honour Helen, and to be her knight.
      Her. Helpe mee Lysander, helpe mee: do thy best
 776 To pluck this crawling ferpent, from my brest.
 777 Ay mee, for pittie. What a dreame was here?
 778 Lyfander looke, how I doe quake with feare.
 779 Me thought, a serpent eate my heart away,
 780 And you fate fmiling at his cruell pray.
 781 Lysander what, remou'd? Lysander, Lord,
 782 What, out of hearing, gon? No found, no word?
783 Alacke where are you? Speake, and if you heare:
 784 Speake, of all loues. I fwoune almost with feare.
```

785 No, then I well perceiue, you are not ny:
786 Either death, or you, Ile finde immediately.

787

Enter the Clownes.

788 Bott. Are wee all met?

789 Quin. Pat, pat: and heres a maruailes convenient place, 790 for our rehearfall. This greene plot shall be our stage, this 791 hauthorne brake our tyring house, and wee will doe it in 792 action, as wee will doe it before the Duke.

Oh, that a Lady of one man refus'd,	786
Should of another therefore be abus'd. Ex	it. 787
Lys. She sees not Hermia: Hermia sleepe thou ther	e, 788
And neuer maist th ou come Lysander neere;	789
For as a furfeit of the fweetest things	790
The deepest loathing to the stomacke brings:	791
Or as the herefies that men do leaue,	792
Are hated most of those that did deceiue:	793
So thou, my furfeit, and my herefie,	794
Of all be hated; but the most of me;	795
And all my powers addresse your loue and might,	796
To honour <i>Helen</i> , and to be her Knight. Ex	it. 797
Her. Helpe me Lysander, helpe me; do thy best	798
To plucke this crawling ferpent from my brest.	799
Aye me, for pitty; what a dreame was here?	800
Lysander looke, how I do quake with feare:	801
Me-thought a serpent eate my heart away,	802
And yet fat im ling at his cruell prey.	803
Lysander, what remoou'd? Lysander, Lord,	804
What, out of hearing, gone? No found, no word?	805
Alacke where are you? speake and if you heare:	806
Speake of all loues; I found almost with feare.	807
No, then I well perceiue you are not nye,	808
Either death or you Ile finde immediately. Ex	it. 809

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Clownes.	810
Bot. Are we all met?	811
Quin. Pat, pat, and here's a maruailous convenient	812
place for our rehearfall. This greene plot shall be our	813
stage, this hauthorne brake our tyring house, and we will	814
do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.	815

793 Bott Peeter Quince?

794 Qnin. What saiest thou, bully, Bottom?

795 Bot. There are things in this Comedy, of Pyramus and 796 Thi/by, that will neuer please. First, Pyramus must draw 820 797 a sworde, to kill himselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide, 798 How answere you that?

798 How answere you that?
799 Snout. Berlakin, a parlous feare.

800 Star. I beleeue, we must leave the killing, out, when all 801 is done.

802 Bott. Not a whit: I have a deuise to make all well. Write 803 me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seeme to say; we wil 804 do no harme, with our swords, and that Pyramus is not 805 kild indeede: and for the more better assurance, tel them, 806 that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weauer: 807 this will put them out of feare.

808 Quin. Well: wee will have fuch a Prologue, and it shall be 832 809 written in eight and six.

810 Bot. No: make it two more: let it be written in eight & 811 eight.

Size Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the Lyon?

813 Star. I feare it, I promise you.

814 Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with your selfe, to 815 bring in (God shielde vs) a Lyon among Ladies, is 816 a most dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull 817 wilde soule then your Lyon living: & we ought to looke 818 toote.

843 819 Sno. Therfore, another Prologue must tel, he is not a Lion.

820 Bot. Nay: you must name his name, and halfe his face 821 must be seene through the Lions necke, and he himselse 822 must speake through, saying thus, or to the same defect; 823 Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wish you, or I would re-824 quest you, or I wold intreat you, not to seare, not to treble: 825 my life for yours If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it 826 were pittie of my life. No: I am no such thing: I am a man 827 as other men are: & there indeed, let him name his name,



Bot. Peter quince?	816
Peter. What faift thou, bully Bottome?	817
Bot. There are things in this Comedy of Piramus and	818
Thisby, that will neuer please. First, Piramus must draw a	819
fword to kill himselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide.	820
How answere you that?	821
Snout. Berlaken, a parlous feare.	822
Star. I beleeue we must leave the killing out, when	823
all is done.	824
Bot. Not a whit, I have a device to make all well.	825
Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seeme to say,	826
we will do no harme with our fwords, and that Pyramus	827
is not kill'd indeede: and for the more better assurance,	828
tell them, that I Piramus am not Piramus, but Bottome the	829
Weauer; this will put them out of feare.	830
Quin. Well, we will have fuch a Prologue, and it shall	831
be written in eight and fixe.	832
Bot. No, make it two more, let it be written in eight	833
and eight.	834
Snout. Will not the Ladies be afear'd of the Lyon?	835
Star. I feare it, I promise you.	836
Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with your selues, to	837
bring in (God shield vs) a Lyon among Ladies, is a most	838
dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde	839
foule then your Lyon liuing: and wee ought to looke	840
to it.	841
Snout. Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not	842
a Lyon.	843
Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and halfe his face	844
must be seene through the Lyons necke, and he himselfe	845
must speake through, saying thus, or to the same defect;	846
Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wish you, or I would	847
request you, or I would entreat you, not to feare, not to	848
tremble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither	849
as a Lyon, it were pitty of my life. No, I am no fuch	850
thing. I am a man as other men are and there indeed let	851

828 and tell them plainely he is Snugge, the Ioyner.

829 Quin. Well: it shall be so: but there is two hard things: 830 that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you 831 know, Pyramus and Thisby meete by Moone-light

832 Sn. Doth the Moone shine, that night, we play our Play?

880 833 Bo. A Calender, a Calender: looke in the Almanack: finde 834 out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine.

835 Quin. Yes:it doth shine that night.

836 Cet. Why then, may you leaue a casement of the great 837 chamber window (where we play) open; and the Moone 838 may shine in at the casement.

839 Quin. I: or els, one must come in, with a bush of thorns, 840 & a latern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the 841 person of Moone-shine. Then, there is another thing; we 842 must have a wal in the great chaber: for Pyramus & This-843 by (saies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall,

844 Sno. You can neuer bring in a wal. What say you Bottom?

845 Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him 846 haue some plaster, or som lome, or some rough cast, about 847 him, to signific wall; or let him holde his singers thus: and 848 through that crany, shall Pyramus and Thisby whise 849 per.

850 Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, fit downe e-851 uery mothers sonne, and reherse your parts. Pyramus, you 852 beginne: when you have spoken your speech, enter into 853 that Brake, and so every one according to his cue,

885 854 Enter Robin

855 Ro. What hempen homespunnes have we swaggring here,



ring here,

him name his name, and tell him plainly hee is Snug the	85
ioyner.	85
Quin. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard	85
things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a cham-	85
ber: for you know, Piramus and Thisby meete by Moone-	85
light.	85
Sn. Doth the Moone shine that night wee play our	85
play?	85
Bot. A Calender, a Calender, looke in the Almanack,	86
finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine.	86
Enter Pucke.	86
Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.	86
Bot. Why then may you leave a casement of the great	86
chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone	86
mayshine in at the casement.	86
Quin. I, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns	86
and a lanthorne, and fay he comes to disfigure, or to pre-	86
fent the person of Moone-shine. Then there is another	86
thing, we must have a wall in the great Chamber; for Pi-	87
ramus and Thisby (saies the story) did talke through the	87
chinke of a wall.	87
Sn. You can neuer bring in a wall. What fay you	87
Bottome?	87
Bot. Some man or other must present wall, and let	87
him haue some Plaster, or some Lome, or some rough	87
cast about him, to signifie wall; or let him hold his fin-	87
gers thus; and through that cranny, shall Piramus and	87
Thisby whifper.	879
Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, fit	88
downe euery mothers fonne, and rehearfe your parts.	88
Piramus, you begin; when you have spoken your speech,	88
enter into that Brake, and fo euery one according to his	88
cue.	884
Enter Robin.	88
Rob What hempen home-found have we fwarre-	994

887

Exit.

```
856 So neere the Cradle of the Fairy Queene?
```

857 What, a play toward? Ile be an Auditor,

858 An Actor to perhappes, If I see cause.

859 Quin. Speake Pyramus: Thysby stand forth.

860 Pyra. Thisby the flowers of odious fauours sweete.

861 Quin. Odours, odorous.

862 Py. Odours fauours fweete.

863 So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby deare,

864 But harke, a voice: stay thou but heere a while,

865 And by and by I will to thee appeare.

6 Quin. A stranger Pyramus, then ere played heere,

899 867 Thys. Must I speake now?

868 Quin. I marry must you. For you must vnderstad, he goes

869 but to see a noyse, that he heard, and is to come againe.

870 Thys. Most radiant Pyramus, most lillie white of hewe,

871 Of colour like the red rose, on triumphant bryer,

872 Most brisky Iuuenall, and eeke most louely Iewe,

873 As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre,

874 Ile meete thee Pyramus, at Ninnies toumbe.

875 Quin. Ninus toumbe, man. Why? you must not speake

876 That yet. That you answere to Pyramus. You speake

877 Al your part at once, cues, and, all. Pyramus, enter: your cue

878 is past: It is; neuer tire.

879 Thys.O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuertyre.

880 Py. If I were faire, Thysby, I were onely thine.

915 881 Quin. O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted. Pray masses sters sly masters:helpe.

883 Rob. Ile follow you: Ile leade you about a Round,

884 Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through

885 Sometime a horse Ile be, sometime a hound, (bryer

886 A hogge, a headelesse Beare, sometime a sier,

887 And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,

888 Like horse, hound, hogge, beare, fire, at euery turne. Exit.

So neere the Cradle of the Faierie Queene?	888
What, a Play toward? Ile be an auditor,	888
An Actor too perhaps, if I see cause.	890
Quin. Speake Piramus: Thisby stand forth.	891
Pir. Thisby, the flowers of odious fauors sweete.	892
Quin. Odours, odours.	893
Pir. Odours fauors fweete,	894
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby deare.	895
But harke, a voyce: stay thou but here a while,	896
And by and by I will to thee appeare. Exit. Pir.	897
Puck. A stranger Piramus, then ere plaid here.	898
This. Must I speake now?	899
Pet. I marry must you. For you must vnderstand he	900
goes but to see a noyse that he heard, and is to come a-	901
gaine.	902
Thys. Most radiant Piramus, most Lilly white of hue,	903
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer,	904
Most brisky Iuuenall, and eke most louely Iew,	905
As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre,	906
Ile meete thee Piramus, at Ninnies toombe.	907
Pet. Ninus toombe man: why, you must not speake	908
that yet; that you answere to Piramus: you speake all	909
your part at once, cues and all. Piramus enter, your cue is	910
past; it is neuer tyre.	911
Thys. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer	912
tyre:	913
Pir. If I were faire, Thisby I were onely thine.	914
Pet. O monstrous. O strange. We are hanted; pray	915
masters, flye masters, helpe.	916
The Clownes all Exit.	917
Puk. Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round,	918
Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through	919
Sometime a horse Ile be, sometime a hound: (bryer,	920
A hogge, a headlesse beare, sometime a fire,	921
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,	922
Like horse, hound, hog, beare, fire, at euery turne. Exit.	928

```
889 Bott. Why doe they runne away? This is a knauery of 890 them to make mee afeard.

Enter Snowte.
```

891 Sn. O Bottom, thou art chaung'd. What do I see on thee?

892 Bot. What doe you see? You see an Asse head of your 893 owne. Do you?

Enter Quince. (Exit. 895 Quin Blesse thee Bottom, blesse thee. Thou art traslated.

896 Bot. I fee their knauery. This is to make an affe of mee, to 897 fright me, if they could: but I wil not stirre from this place 898 do what they can. I will walke vp and downe heere, and 899 will sing that they shall heare I am not afraide.

900 The Woofell cock, fo blacke of hewe,

gor With Orange tawny bill,

go2 The Throstle, with his note so true,

903 The Wren, with little quill.

you Tytania. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

Bot. The Fynch, the Sparrowe, and the Larke,

906 The plainfong Cuckow gray:

907 Whose note, full many a man doth marke,

908 And dares not answere, nay.

909 For indeede, who would fet his wit to fo foolish a birde?
910 Who would give a bird the ly, though hee cry Cuckow,

gir neuer fo?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortall, fing againe.

913 Myne eare is much enamoured of thy note:

914 So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,

915 And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth mooue mee,

916 On the first viewe to say, to sweare, I loue thee.

917 Bott. Mee thinks miftreffe, you should have little reason 918 for that. And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keepe

919 little company together, now a daies. The more the pitty,

Enter Piramus with the Asse head.	924
Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knauery of	925
them to make me afeard. Enter Snowt.	920
Sn. O Bottom, thou art chang'd; What doe I fee on	92
thee? .	928
Bot. What do you fee? You fee an Asse-head of your	929
owne, do you?	930
, ,	
Enter Peter Quince.	931
Pet. Blesse thee Bottome, blesse thee; thou art transla-	932
ted. Exit.	933
Bot. I fee their knauery; this is to make an affe of me,	934
to fright me if they could; but I will not stirre from	935
this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe	936
here, and I will fing that they shall heare I am not a-	937
fraid.	938
The Woofell cocke, fo blacke of hew,	938
With Orenge-tawny bill.	940
The Throftle, with his note fo true,	941
The Wren and little quill.	945
Tyta. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?	948
Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,	944
The plainfong Cuckow gray;	945
Whose note full many a man doth marke,	946
And dares not answere, nay.	947
For indeede, who would fet his wit to fo foolish a bird?	948
Who would give a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow,	949
neuer fo?	950
Tyta. I pray thee gentle mortall, fing againe,	951
Mine eare is much enamored of thy note;	952
On the first view to say, to sweare I loue thee.	953
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,	954
And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me.	955
Bot. Me-thinkes mistresse, you should have little	956
reason for that: and yet to say the truth, reason and	957
love keeps little company together now adayes	OFO

920 that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. 921 Nay I can gleeke, vpon occasion.

962 922 Tyta. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.
923 Bott. Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get out
924 of this wood, I have enough to serve mine owe turne.

Tyta Out of this wood, doe not defire to goe:
Thou shaltremaine here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit, of no common rate:
The Sommer, still, doth tend vpon my state,
And I doe loue thee: therefore goe with mee.
Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee:
And they shall fetch thee Iewels, from the deepe,
And sing, while thou, on pressed flowers, dost sleepe:
And I will purge thy mortall grossenssses.

935 Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seede?
977 936 Entersoure Fairyes.

934 That thou shalt, like an avery spirit, goe.

937 Fai. Readie: and I, and I. Where shall we goe?
938 Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this gentleman,

938 Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this gentlem 939 Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eyes,

940 Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,

941 With purple Grapes, greene figges, and Mulberries,

The hony bagges stealefrom the humble Bees,

943 And for night tapers, croppe their waxen thighes,

And light them at the fiery Glowe-wormes eyes,

945 To have my love to bedde, and to arise,

946 And pluck the wings, from painted Butterflies,

947 To fanne the Moone-beames from his fleeping eyes,

989 948 Nod to him Elues, and doe him curtefies.

949 I. Fai. Haile mortall, haile.

950 2. Fai. Haile.

951 3. *Fai*. Haile.

Bot. I cry your worships mercy, hartily: I beseech yourworshippes name.

The more the pittie, that some honest neighbours will	959
not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeke vpon occa-	960
fion.	961
Tyta. Thou art as wife, as thou art beautifull.	962
Bot. Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get	963
out of this wood, I have enough to ferue mine owne	964
turne.	965
Tyta. Out of this wood, do not defire to goe,	966
Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.	967
I am a spirit of no common rate:	968
The Summer still doth tend vpon my state,	969
And I doe loue thee; therefore goe with me,	970
Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee;	971
And they shall fetch thee Iewels from the deepe,	972
And fing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe:	973
And I will purge thy mortall groffenesse so,	974
That thou shalt like an airie spirit go.	975
Enter Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-	976
seede, and foure Fairies.	977
Fai. Ready; and I, and I, Where shall we go?	978
Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this Gentleman,	979
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies,	980
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,	981
With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,	982
The honie-bags steale from the humble Bees,	983
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes,	984
And light them at the fierie-Glow-wormes eyes,	985
To haue my loue to bed, and to arise:	986
And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,	987
To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eies.	988
Nod to him Elues, and doe him curtesies.	989
I.Fai. Haile mortall, haile.	990
2.Fai. Haile.	991
3.Fai. Haile.	992
Bot. I cry your worships mercy hartily; I beseech	993
your worships name.	994

954 Cob. Cobwebbe.

955 Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good ma-956 ster Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bolde with 957 you. Your name honest gentleman?

958 Pea. Pease-blossome.

959 Bot. I pray you commend mee to mistresse Squash, your 960 mother, and to master Peascod, your father. Good master 961 Pease-blossome, I shall desire you of more acquaintance,

962 to. Your name I befeech you fir?

1005 963 Must. Mustardseede.

964 Bot. Good master Mustardseede, I know your patience 965 well. That same cowardly, gyantlike, Ox-beese hath de- 966 uourd many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, 967 your kindred hath made my eyes water, ere now. I desire 968 you more acquaintance, good master Mustardseede.

Tita. Come waite vpon him: leade him to my bower.

970 The Moone, me thinkes, lookes with a watry eye:

971 And when shee weepes, weepes euery little flower.

972 Lamenting some enforced chastitie.

973 Ty vp my louers tongue, bring him filently Exit.

Enter King of Fairies, and Robin goodfellow.

975 Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awakt; 976 Then what it was, that next came in her eye,

977 Which she must dote on, in extreamitie.

978 Here comes my messenger. How now, mad spirit?

979 What nightrule now about this haunted groue?

980 Puck. My mistresse with a monster is in loue,

981 Neere to her close and consecrated bower.

982 While she was in her dull, and sleeping hower,

1028 983 A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,

Ob. I wonder if Titania be awak't;	1019
Then what it was that next came in her eye,	1020
Which she must dote on, in extremitie.	1021
Enter Pucke.	1022
Here comes my messenger: how now mad spirit,	1023
What night-rule now about this gaunted groue?	1024
Puck. My Mistris with a monster is in loue,	1025
Neere to her close and confecrated bower,	1026
While she was in her dull and sleeping hower,	1027
A crew of patches, rude Mcehanicals,	1028

```
984 That worke for bread, vpon Athenian stalles,
    985 Were met together to rehearse a play,
    986 Intended for great Theseus nuptiall day:
    987 The shallowest thickskinne, of that barraine fort,
    988 Who Pyramus prefented, in their sport,
    989 Forfooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,
    990 VVhen I did him at this advantage take:
    991 An Affes nole I fixed on his head.
    992 Anon his Thi/bie must be answered,
    993 And forth my Minnick comes. When they him fpy;
    994 As wilde geefe, that the creeping Fouler eye,
    995 Or ruffet pated choughes, many in fort
    996 (Ryfing, and cawing, at the gunnes report)
    997 Seuer themselues, and madly sweepe the sky:
    998 So, at his fight, away his fellowes fly,
    999 And at our stampe, here ore and ore, one falles:
   1000 He murther cryes, and helpe from Athens cals
   roor Their fense, thus weake, lost with their feares, thus strong
   1002 Made senselesse things begin to doe them wrong
   1003 For, briers and thornes, at their apparell, fnatch:
   1004 Some fleeues, fome hats; from yeelders, all things catch.
1050 1005 I led them on, in this diffracted feare.
   1006 And left fweete Pyramus translated there:
   1007 When in that moment (so it came to passe)
   1008 Tytania wak't, and straight way lou'd an Asse.
          Ob. This falles out better, then I could deuise.
   1010 But hast thou yet latcht the Athenians eyes,
   voir With the loue juice, as I did bid thee doe?
    1012 Rob. I tooke him fleeping (that is finisht to)
   1013 And the Athenian woman, by his fide;
   1014 That when he wak't, of force she must be ey'd.
```

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

1016 Ob. Stand close: this is the same Athenian.
1017 Rob. This is the woman: but not this the man.



Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

That when he wak't, of force she must be eyde.

And the Athenian woman by his fide,

Ob.	Stand	clofe,	this is the same Athenian.	106
Rob	This	is the	woman, but not this the man.	1062

1057

1058

1059

1060

Demet. O, Why rebuke you him, that loues you so?

```
Lay breath fo bitter, on your bitter foe.
          Her. Now I but chide: but I should vse thee worse.
    For thou(I feare) hast given me cause to curse.
    1022 If thou hast slaine Lyfander, in his sleepe;
                                                              (to,
    1023 Being ore shooes in blood, plunge in the deepe, & kill mee
1070 1024 The Sunne was not fo true vnto the day,
    1025 As hee to mee.
                        Would hee haue stollen away,
    1026 Frow fleeping Hermia? Ile beleeue, as foone,
    This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the Moone
    1028 May through the Center creepe, and so displease
    1029 Her brothers noonetide, with th'Antipodes.
    1030 It cannot be, but thou hast murdred him.
    1031 So should a murtherer looke; sodead, so grimme.
    1032 Dem. So should the murthered looke, and so should I,
   1033 Pearst through the heart, with your sterne cruelty.
    1034 Yet you, the murtherer, looke as bright, as cleere,
   1035 As yonder Venus, in her glimmering spheare.
   1036 Her. Whats this to my Lysander? Where is hee?
    1037 Ah good Demetrius, wilt thou give him mee?
         Deme. I had rather give his carcasse to my hounds.
         Her. Out dog, out curre: thou driu'st me past the bounds
1085 1030
    1040 Of maidens patience. Hast thou slaine him then?
    1041 Henceforth be neuer numbred among men.
    1042 O, once tell true: tell true, euen for my fake:
    1043 Durst thou have lookt vpon him, being awake?
    1044 And hast thou kild him, sleeping? O braue tutch:
    1045 Could not a worme, an Adder do fo much?
    1046 An Adder did it: For with doubler tongue
    1047 Then thyne (thou ferpent) neuer Adder stung.
          Deme. You spende your passion, on a mispris'd mood:
    1049 I am not guilty of Lysanders bloode:
    1050 Nor is he deade, for ought that I can tell.
    1051 Her. I pray thee, tell mee then, that he is well.
   1052 De. And if I could, what should I get therefore?
```



Dem. O why rebuke you him that loues you so?	1063
Lay breath fo bitter on your bitter foe.	1064
Her. Now I but chide, but I should vse thee worse.	1065
For thou (I feare) hast given me cause to curse,	1066
If thou hast slaine Lysander in his sleepe,	1067
Being ore shooes in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and kill	1068
me too:	1069
The Sunne was not fo true vnto the day,	1070
As he to me. Would he haue stollen away,	1071
From fleeping Hermia? Ile beleeue as foone	1072
This whole earth may be bord, and that the Moone	1073
May through the Center creepe, and fo displease	1074
Her brothers noonetide, with th' Antipodes.	1075
It cannot be but thou hast murdred him,	1076
So fhould a mutrherer looke, fo dead, fo grim.	1077
Dem. So should the murderer looke, and so should I,	1078
Pierst through the heart with your stearne cruelty:	1079
Yet you the murderer looks as bright as cleare,	1080
As yonder Venus in her glimmering spheare.	1081
Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?	1082
Ah good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?	1083
Dem. I'de rather giue his cark affe to my hounds.	1084
Her. Out dog, out cur, thou driu'st me past the bounds	1085
Of maidens patience. Hast thou slaine him then?	1086
Henceforth be neuer numbred among men.	1087
Oh, once tell true, euen for my fake,	1088
Durst thou a lookt vpon him, being awake?	1089
And haft thou kill'd him fleeping? O braue tutch:	1090
Could not a worme, an Adder do fo much?	1091
An Adder did it: for with doubler tongue	1092
Then thine(thou ferpent) neuer Adder stung.	1093
Dem. You spend your passion on a mispri'sd mood,	1094
I am not guiltie of Lysanders blood:	1095
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.	1096
Her. I pray thee tell me then that he is well.	1097
Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?	1098

```
Her. A priviledge, neuer to see mee more:
    1054 And from thy hated presence part I: see me no more;
    1055 Whether he be dead orno.
1102 1056 Deme. There is no following her in this fierce vaine.
    1057 Heere therefore, for a while, I will remaine.
    1058 So forrowes heauinesse doth heauier growe.
    1059 For debt that bankrout slippe doth forrow owe:
   1060 Which now in some slight measure it will pay:
                                                         Ly doune.
    1061 If for his tender here I make fome stay.
         Ob. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite,
   1063 And laid the loue juice on some true loues fight.
   1064 Of thy misprisson, must perforce ensue
    1065 Some true loue turnd, and not a false turnd true.
          Robi. Thenfate orerules, that one man holding troth,
   1067 A million faile, confounding oath on oath,
          Ob. About the wood, goe swifter then the winde.
   1069 And Helena of Athens looke thou finde.
   1070 All fancy ficke she is and pale of cheere,
   1071 With fighes of loue, that costs the fresh blood deare.
   1072 By fome illusion see thou bring her here:
   1073 Ile charme his eyes, against she doe appeare.
          Robin. I goe, I goe, looke how I goe.
   1075 Swifter then arrow, from the Tartars bowe.
          Ob. Flower of this purple dy,
   1077 Hit with Cupids archery,
   1078 Sinke in apple of his eye,
   1079 When his love he doth espy.
   1080 Let her shine as gloriously
   1081 As the Venus of the sky.
   1082 When thou wak'ft, if she be by,
   1083 Begge of her; for remedy.
```

ro84 Enter Puck.

1085 Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,
1086 Helena is heere at hande,
1087 And the youth, mistooke by mee,

Her. A priviledge, neuer to see me more;	1099			
And from thy hated presence part I: see me no more				
Whether he be dead or no. Exit.				
Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vaine,				
Here therefore for a while I will remaine.	1103			
So forrowes heauinesse doth heauier grow:	1104			
For debt that bankrout flip doth forrow owe,	1105			
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,	1106			
If for his tender here I make some stay. Lie downe.	1107			
Ob. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite	1108			
And laid the loue iuyce on some true loues fight:	1109			
Of thy misprision, must perforce ensue	1110			
Some true loue turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.	1111			
Rob. Then fate ore-rules, that one man holding troth,	1112			
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.	1113			
Ob. About the wood, goe swifter then the winde,	1114			
And Helena of Athens looke thou finde.	1115			
All fancy ficke she is, and pale of cheere,	1116			
With fighes of loue, that costs the fresh bloud deare.				
By fome illusion fee thou bring her heere,	1118			
Ile charme his eyes against she doth appeare.	1119			
Robin. I go, I go, looke how I goe,	1120			
Swifter then arrow from the Tartars bowe. Exit.	1121			
Ob. Flower of this purple die,	1122			
Hit with Cupids archery,	1123			
Sinke in apple of his eye,	1124			
When his loue he doth espie,	1125			
Let her shine as gloriously	1126			
As the Venus of the sky.	1127			
When thou wak'ft if she be by,	1128			
Beg of her for remedy.	1129			
-				
Enter Pucke.	1180			
Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,	1131			
Helena is heere at hand,	1132			
And the youth, mistooke by me,				

```
1088 Pleading for a louers fee
1089 Shall wee their fond pageant fee?
1090 Lord, what fooles these mort als bee!
1091 Ob. Stand aside. The noyse, they make,
1092 Will cause Demetrius to awake.
1093 Pu. Then will two, at once, wooe one:
1094 That must needes be sport alone.
1095 And those things do best please mee,
```

1143 1097 Enter Lyfander, and Helena.

rog8 Lyf. Why should you think, that I should wooe in scorne?

1099 Scorne, and derifion, neuer come in teares.

1100 Looke when I vow, I weepe: and vowes fo borne,

In their natiuitie all truth appeares,

1006 That befall prepost rously.

1102 How can these things, in mee, seeme scorne to you?

1103 Bearing the badge of faith to prooue them true.

1104 Hel. You doe aduance your cunning, more, and more,

1105 When trueth killes truth, ô diuelish holy fray /

1106 These vowes are Hermias. Will you give her ore?

1107 Weigh oath, with oath, and you will nothing waigh.

1108 Your vowes to her, and mee(put in two scales)

viog Will euen weigh: and both as light as tales.

1110 Lys. I had no iudgement, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my minde, now you give her ore.

1158 1112 Lys. Demetrius loues her: and he loues not you.

1113 Deme. O Helen, goddesse, nymph, perfect diuine,

1114 To what, my loue, shall I compare thine eyne!

2215 Christall is muddy. O, how ripe, in showe,

1116 Thy lippes, those kiffing cherries, tempting growe /

That pure coniealed white, high Taurus snow,

1118 Fand with the Easterne winde, turnes to a crowe,

when thou holdst vp thy hand. O let me kisse

This Princesse of pure white, this seale of blisse.

1121 Hel.O spight! O hell! I see, you all are bent

1122 To set against mee, for your merriment.

```
1123 If you were civill, and knew curtesie,
1124 You would not doe mee thus much iniury.
```

1125 Can you not hate mee, as I know you doe,

1126 But you must ioyne, in soules, to mocke mee to?

1127 If you were men, as men you are in showe,

1174 1128 You would not vie a gentle Lady io;

To vowe, and sweare, and superpraise my parts,

1130 When I am fure, you hate mee with your hearts.

1131 You both are Riuals, and loue Hermia:

1132 And now both Riualles, to mock Helena.

1133 A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,

1134 To coniure teares vp, in a poore maides eyes,

1135 With your derision None, of noble fort, 1136 Would so offend a virgine, and extort

1137 A poore foules patience, all to make you sport.

1138 Lysand, You arevnkinde, Demetrius: be not so.

1139 For you loue Hermia: this you know I know

1140 And heare, with all good will, with all my heart,

1141 In Hermias loue I yeelde you vp my part:

1142 And yours of Helena, to mee bequeath:

1143 Whom I doe loue, and will do till my death.

1144 Hel. Neuer did mockers waste more idle breath.

1145 Deme. Lyfander, keepe thy Hermia: I will none.

1192 1146 If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.

1147 My heart to her, but as guestwise, soiournd:

1148 And now to Helen, is it home returnd,

1149 There to remaine.

1154

1150 Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Deme. Disparage not the faith, thou dost not know;

1152 Least to thy perill, thou aby it deare.

1153 Looke where thy loue comes: yonder is thy deare.

Enter Hermia.

1155 Her. Darke night, that from the eye, his function takes, 1156 The eare more quicke of apprehension makes.

623 A Midsommer Nights Dreame	97
f you were ciuill, and knew curtesie,	1169
You would not doe me thus much injury.	1170
Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,	1171
But you must ioyne in soules to mocke me to?	1172
If you are men, as men you are in show,	1173
You would not vie a gentle Lady io;	1174
To vow, and fweare, and fuperpraise my parts,	1175
When I am fure you hate me with your hearts.	1176
You both are Riuals, and loue Hermia;	1177
And now both Riuals to mocke Helena.	1178
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,	1179
Γo coniure teares vp in a poore maids eyes,	1180
With your derifion; none of noble fort,	1181
Would fo offend a Virgin, and extort	1182
A poore foules patience, all to make you fport.	1183
Lysa. You are vnkind Demetrius; be not so,	1184
For you loue Hermia; this you know I know;	1185
And here with all good will, with all my heart,	1186
in Hermias loue I yeeld you vp my part;	1187
And yours of <i>Helena</i> , to me bequeath,	1188
Whom I do loue, and will do to my death.	1189
Hel. Neuer did mockers wast more idle breth.	1190
Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia, I will none:	1191
f ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.	1192
My heart to her, but as guest-wise soiourn'd,	1193
And now to <i>Helen</i> it is home return'd,	1194
There to remaine.	1195
Lys. It is not so.	1196
De. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,	1197
Lest to thy perill thou abide it deare.	1198
Looke where thy Loue comes, yonder is thy deare.	1199
Enter Hermia.	1200
Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function take	es, 1201
The eare more quicke of apprehension makes,	1202

```
wherein it doth impaire the feeing fenfe.
    1158 It payes the hearing double recompence.
    Thou art not, by myne eye, Lysander, found:
    1160 Mine eare, I thanke it, brought me to thy found.
    1161 But why, vnkindly, didst thou leave mee so?
           Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth presse to go?
    1162
           Her. What love could presse Lysander, from my side?
    1163
           Lys. Lysanders loue(that would not let him bide)
1210 1164
    1165 Faire Helena: who more engilds the night
    1166 Then all you fiery oes, and eyes of light.
    1167 Why feek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
    1168 The hate I bare thee, made mee leave thee fo?
    1169 Her. You speake not as you thinke: It cannot bee.
    1170 Hel. Lo: she is one of this confederacy.
    1171 Now I perceive, they have conjoyed all three,
    1172 To fashion this false sport, in spight of mee.
    1173 Iniurious Hermia, most vngratefull maide,
    Haue you conspir'd, haue you with these contriu'd
    1175 To baite mee, with this foule derision?
    1176 Is all the counfell that we two haue shar'd,
   The fifters vowes, the howers that we have spent,
   1178 When we have chid the haftie footed time.
   1179 For parting vs; O, is all forgot?
   1180 All schooldaies friendshippe, childhood innocence?
1227 1181 VVee, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
   1182 Haue with our needles, created both one flower.
   1183 Both on one fampler, fitting on one cushion,
   1184 Both warbling of one fong, both in one key;
   1185 As if our hands, our fides, voyces, and mindes
   1186 Had bin incorporate. So wee grewe together,
   1187 Like to a double cherry, feeming parted;
   1188 But yet an vnion in partition,
   1189 Two louely berries moulded on one stemme:
   1190 So with two feeming bodies, but one heart,
   rigi Two of the first life coats in heraldry,
```

1192 Due but to one, and crowned with one creaft.

	Wherein it doth impaire the feeing fense,	1203
	Ir paies the hearing double recompence.	1204
	Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander found,	1205
	Mine eare (I thanke it) brought me to that found.	1206
	But why vnkindly didft thou leave me fo? (to go?	1207
	Lysan. Why should hee stay whom Loue doth presse	1208
	Her. What loue could presse Lysander from my side?	1209
	Lys. Lysanders loue (that would not let him bide)	1210
	Faire Helena; who more engilds the night,	1211
	Then all you fierie oes, and eies of light.	1212
	Why feek'ft thou me? Could not this make thee know,	1213
	The hate I bare thee, made me leave thee so?	1214
	Her. You speake not as you thinke; it cannot be.	1215
	Hel. Loe, she is one of this confederacy,	1216
	Now I perceiue they haue conioyn'd all these,	1217
	To fashion this false sport in spight of me.	1218
	Iniurious Hermia, most vngratefull maid,	1219
	Haue you conspir'd, haue you with these contriu'd	1220
	To baite me, with this foule derision?	1221
	Is all the counsell that we two haue shar'd,	1222
	The fifters vowes, the houres that we have spent,	1223
	When wee haue chid the hasty footed time,	1224
	For parting vs; O, is all forgot?	1225
	All schooledaies friendship, child-hood innocence?	1226
	We Hermia, like two Artificiall gods,	1227
	Haue with our needles, created both one flower,	1228
	Both on one fampler, fitting on one cushion,	1229
	Both warbling of one fong, both in one key;	1230
	As if our hands, our fides, voices, and mindes	1231
	Had beene incorporate. So we grew together,	1232
	Like to a double cherry, feeming parted,	1233
	But yet a vnion in partition,	1234
•	Two louely berries molded on one stem,	1235
	So with two feeming bodies, but one heart,	1236
	Two of the first life coats in Heraldry,	1237
	Due but to one and crowned with one crest.	1238

```
1193 And will you rent our auncient loue asunder,
    To joyne with men, in scorning your poore friend?
    1195 It is not friendly, tis not maidenly.
    1196 Our fex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
    1197 Though I alone doe fele the iniury.
1244 1198 Her. I am amazed at your words:
    1199 I fcorne you not. It feemes that you fcorne mee.
    1200 Hel. Haue you not set Lysander, as in scorne,
    1201 To follow mee, and praise my eyes and face?
    1202 And made your other loue, Demetrius
    1203 (Who euen but now did spurne mee with his foote)
    1204 To call mee goddesse, nymph, divine, and rare,
    1205 Pretious celestiall? VVherefore speakes he this.
   1206 To her he hates? And wherfore doth Lysander
   1207 Deny your loue (so rich within his soule)
    1208 And tender mee (forfooth) affection,
    But by your fetting on, by your confent?
   1210 VVhat, though I be not fo in grace as you,
   1211 So hung vpon with loue, fo fortunate?
    1212 (But miferable most, to loue vnlou'd)
    1213 This you should pittie, rather then despise.
          Her. I vnderstand not, what you meane by this,
          Hel. I doe. Perseuer, counterfait sad lookes:
1262 1216 Make mouthes vpon mee, when I turne my back:
    1217 Winke each at other, holde the sweete least vp.
    1218 This fport well carried, shall bee chronicled.
    1219 If you have any pitty, grace, or manners,
    1220 You would not make mee fuch an argument.
    1221 But fare ye well: tis partly my owne fault:
    1222 Which death, or absence soone shall remedy.
         Lys. Stay, gentle Helena: heare my excuse,
   1224 My loue, my life, my foule, faire Helena.
          Hel. O excellent!
   1225
          Herm. Sweete, doe not scorne her so.
   1226
          Dem. If the cannot entreat, I can compell.
   1227
         Lys. Thou canst compell no more, then she intreat.
```

1025 A Miasomi	ner Ivignis Dreame	10.
And will you rent our anci	ent loue afunder,	123
To ioyne with men in fcorr	ning your poore friend?	124
It is not friendly, 'tis not n	naidenly.	124
Our fexe as well as I, may	chide you for it,	124
Though I alone doe feele t	he iniurie.	124
Her. I am amazed at you	ır passionate words,	124
I scorne you not; It seem	es that you fcorne me.	124
Hel. Haue you not set I	ysander, as in scorne	124
To follow me, and praise m	y eies and face?	124
And made your other loue,	Demetrius	124
(Who euen but now did fp	urne me with his foote)	124
To call me goddesse, nimpl	ı, diuine, and rare,	125
Precious, celestiall? When	refore fpeakes he this	125
To her he hates? And wh	herefore doth Lysander	125
Denie your loue(so rich wit	thin his foule) °	125
And tender me (forfooth) a	affection,	125
But by your fetting on, by	your consent?	125
What though I be not fo in	grace as you,	125
So hung vpon with loue, fo	fortunate?	125
(But miserable most, to loue	e vnlou'd)	125
This you should pittie, rath	er then despise.	125
Her. I vnderstand not w	hat you meane by this.	126
Hel. I, doe, perseuer, co	unterfeit fad lookes,	126
Make mouthes vpon me wl	nen I turne my backe,	126
Winke each at other, hold	the fweete iest vp:	126
This fport well carried, sha	ll be chronicled.	126
If you have any pittie, grad	ce, or manners,	126
You would not make me fu		126
But fare ye well, 'tis partly		126
Which death or absence so	one shall remedie.	126
Lys. Stay gentle Helena,	, heare my excufe,	1269
My loue, my life, my foule,	faire Helena.	127
Hel. O excellent!		127
Her. Sweete, do not scor	ne her fo.	127
Dem. If she cannot entre	eate, I can compell.	127
Lys. Thou canst compell	, no more then she entreate.	127

```
1229 Thy threats have no more strength then her weake praise.
    1230 Helen, I loue thee, by my life I doe:
    1231 I sweare by that which I will loose for thee;
    1232 To prooue him false, that saies I loue thee not.
    1233 Dem. I fay, I loue thee more then he can do.
1280 1234 Lys. If thou say so, withdrawe, and prooue it to.
    1235 Dem. Quick come.
    1236 Her. Ly fander, whereto tends all this?
    1237 Lys. Away, you Ethiop.
    1238 Dem. No. no: heele
   1239 Seeme to breake loofe: take on as you would follow;
   1240 But yet come not. You are a tame man, go.
        Lys. Hang of thou cat, thou bur : vile thing let loose;
   1242 Or I will shake thee from mee, like a serpent.
        Her. Why are you growne fo rude? What change is this,
   1244 Sweete loue?
        Lys. Thy loue? Out tawny Tartar, out:
   1246 Out loathed medcine: ô hated potion hence.
       Her. Doe you not ieast?
   1247
   1248 Hel. Yes footh: and fo doe you.
   1249 Lys. Demetrius, I will keepe my word, with thee.
       Dem. I would I had your bond. For I perceiue,
   1251 A weake bond holds you. Ile not trust your word.
        Lys. What? should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
   1253 Although I hate her, Ile notharme her so,
   1254 Her. What? Can you do me greater harme, then hate?
   1255 Hate mee, wherefore? O me, what newes, my loue?
   1256 Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
   1257 I am as faire now, as I was ere while.
   1258 Since night, you lou'd mee; yet fince night, you left mee,
   1259 Why then, you left mee (ô the gods forbid)
   1260 In earnest, shall I say?
         Lys I, by my life:
1307 1261
   1262 And neuer did defire to fee thee more.
   1263 Thefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt:
```

1264 Be certaine: nothing truer: tis no least 1265 That I doe hate thee, and loue Helena.

Thy threats have no more strength then her weak praise.	1278
Helen, I loue thee, by my life I doe;	1276
I sweare by that which I will lose for thee,	127
To proue him false, that saies I loue thee not.	1278
Dem. I say, I loue thee more then he can do.	1279
Lys. If thou say so, with-draw and proue it too.	1280
Dem. Quick, come.	1281
Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?	1282
Lys. Away, you Ethiope.	1288
Dem. No, no, Sir, seeme to breake loose;	1284
Take on as you would follow,	1285
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.	1286
Lys. Hang off thou cat, thou bur; vile thing let loose,	1287
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.	1288
Her. Why are you growne so rude?	1289
What change is this fweete Loue?	1290
Lys. Thy loue? out tawny Tartar, out;	1291
Out loathed medicine; O hated poison hence.	1292
Her. Do you not iest?	1293
Hel. Yes footh, and fo do you.	1294
Lys. Demetrius: I will keepe my word with thee.	1295
Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perceiue	1296
A weake bond holds you; Ile not trust your word.	1297
Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?	1298
Although I hate her, Ile not harme her so.	1299
Her. What, can you do me greater harme then hate?	1300
Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes my Loue?	1301
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?	1302
I am as faire now, as I was ere while.	1303
Since night you lou'd me; yet fince night you left me.	1304
Why then you left me (O the gods forbid	1305
In earnest, shall I say?	1306
Lys. I, by my life;	1307
And neuer did defire to fee thee more.	1308
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;	1309
Be certaine, nothing truer: 'tis no iest,	1310
That I doe hate thee, and loue Helena.	1311

```
Her. O mee, you iuggler, you canker blossome,
   1267 You theefe of loue: what, have you come by night,
   1268 And stolne my loues heart, from him?
   1260 Hel. Fine. I faith.
   1270 Haue you no modesty, no maiden shame,
   1271 No touch of bashfulnesse? What, will you teare
   1272 Impatient answeres, from my gentle tongue?
   1273 Fy, fy, you counterfait, you puppet, you,
          Her. Puppet? Why fo? I, that way goes the game,
   1275 Now I perceive that she hath made compare,
   1276 Betweene our statures, she hath vrg'd her height.
   1277 And with her personage, her tall personage.
   1278 Her height (forfooth) she hath preuaild with him.
   1279 And are you growne so high in his esteeme.
   1280 Because I am so dwarfish and so lowe?
   1281 How lowe am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake:
   1282 How lowe am I? I am not yet so lowe,
   1283 But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes.
   1284 Hel. I pray you, though you mocke me, gentleman,
   1285 Let her not hurt me, I was neuer curst:
1332 1286 I have no gift at all in shrewishnesse:
   1287 I am a right maid, for my cowardize:
   1288 Let her not strike mee. You perhaps, may thinke,
   1289 Because she is something lower then my selfe,
   1200 That I can match her.
        Her. Lower? harke againe.
   1292 Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with mee,
   1293 I euermore did loue you Hermia,
   1294 Did euer keepe your counsels, neuer wrongd you;
   1295 Saue that in love, vnto Demetrius,
   1296 I tould him of your stealth vnto this wood.
   1297 He followed you: for loue, I followed him.
   1298 But he hath chid me hence, and threatned mee
   1299 To strike mee, spurne mee; nay to kill mee to,
    1300 And now, so you will let me quiet goe,
   1301 To Athens will I beare my folly backe,
```

1023	A Midsommer Nights Dream	<i>me</i> 105
	me, you iugler, you canker blosso	
	e of loue; What, haue you come	by night, 1818
And stolne	my loues heart from him?	1814
<i>Hel</i> . Fir	ne yfaith :	1318
	no modesty, no maiden shame,	1816
No touch of	of bashfulnesse! What, will you to	eare 1817
	answers from my gentle tongue?	1818
Fie, fie, yo	ou counterfeit, you puppet, you.	1819
Her. Pu	ppet? why fo? I, that way goes t	he game. 1320
Now I per	ceiue that she hath made compare	1821
Betweene	our statures, she hath vrg'd her he	eight, 1322
And with l	her personage, her tall personage,	1829
Her height	t (forfooth) she hath preuail'd with	h him. 1824
And are yo	ou growne so high in his esteeme,	1828
Because I a	am fo dwarfish, and so low?	1826
How low a	um I, thou painted May-pole? Spe	eake, 1327
How low a	nm I? I am not yet fo low,	1328
But that m	ny nailes can reach vnto thine eye	es. 1829
<i>Hel</i> . I p	ray you though you mocke me, go	entlemen, 1880
Let her no	ot hurt me; I was neuer curst:	1331
I haue no	gift at all in shrewishnesse;	1332
I am a righ	ht maide for my cowardize;	1889
Let her no	ot strike me: you perhaps may thi	nke, 1884
Because she	e is something lower then my self	ie, 1886
That I can	match her.	1886
Her. Lo	wer? harke againe.	1837
Hel. Go	od <i>Hermia</i> , do not be so bitter wit	th me, 1888
I euermore	e did loue you Hermia,	1339
Did euer k	eepe your counsels, neuer wronge	d you, 1840
Saue that i	in loue vnto <i>Demetrius</i> ,	. 1841
I told him	of your stealth vnto this wood.	1349
He followe	ed you, for loue I followed him,	1849
But he hat	h chid me hence, and threatned n	ne 1844
To strike n	ne, fpurne me, nay to kill me too	; 1840
And now,	fo you will let me quiet go,	1846
To Athens	will I heare my folly backe.	184'

1335

```
1302 And follow you no further. Let me goe.
    1303 You see how simple, and how fond 1 am.
   1304 Herm. Why? get you gon. Who ist that hinders you?
    1305 Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.
   1306 Her. What, with Lyfander?
   1307 Hel. With Demetrius.
   1306 Lys. Be not afraid: she shall not harme thee Helena.
   1309 Deme. No fir: she shall not, though you take her part.
   1310 Hel. O, when she is angry, she is keene and shrewd.
   1311 She was a vixen, when she went to schoole:
   1312 And though she be but little, she is fierce.
          Her. Little againe? Nothing hut low and little?
   1314 Why will you suffer her to floute me thus?
   1315 Let me come to her.
   1316 Lys. Get you gon, you dwarfe;
   1317 You minimus, of hindring knot graffe, made:
   1318 You bead, you acorne.
1365 1319 Deme, You are too officious.
   1320 In her behalfe, that scornes your services.
   1321 Let her alone: speake not of Helena,
   1322 Take not her part. For if thou dost intend
   1323 Neuer so little shewe of loue to her.
   1324 Thou shalt aby it.
   1325 Lys. Now she holdes me not:
   1326 Now follow, if thou dar'ft, to try whose right,
   1327 Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.
   1328 Deme. Follow? Nay: Ile go with thee, cheeke by iowle.
   1329 Her. You, mistresse, all this coyle is long of you.
   1330 Nay:goe not backe.
   1331 Hel. I will not trust you, I,
   1332 Nor longer stay in your curst company.
```

1333 Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray:
1334 My legges are longer though, to runne away.

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to fay.

Exeunt.

1623 A Midsommer Nights Dreame	10
And follow you no further. Let me go.	134
You fee how fimple, and how fond I am.	134
Her. Why get you gone: who ift that hinders y	ou ? 185
Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behinde.	135
Her. What, with Lysander?	135
Her. With Demetrius.	135
Lys. Be not afraid, she shall not harme thee Held	ena. 13 5
Dem. No fir, she shall not, though you take her	
Hel. O when she's angry, she is keene and shrew	
She was a vixen when she went to schoole,	135
And though she be but little, she is fierce.	135
Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little?	135
Why will you fuffer her to flout me thus?	136
Let me come to her.	136
Lys. Get you gone you dwarfe,	136
You minimus, of hindring knot-graffe made,	136
You bead, you acorne.	136
Dem. You are too officious,	186
In her behalfe that scornes your feruices.	136
Let her alone, speake not of Helena,	136'
Take not her part. For if thou dost intend	136
Neuer fo little shew of loue to her,	1369
Thou shalt abide it.	1370
Lys. Now she holds me not,	137
Now follow if thou dar'ft, to try whose right,	1372
Of thine or mine is most in Helena.	1378
Dem. Follow? Nay, Ile goe with thee cheek	ke by 1874
iowle. Exit Lysander and Deme	trius. 1378
Her. You Mistris, all this coyle is long of you.	1376
N ay, goe not backe.	1377
Hel. I will not trust you I,	1378
Nor longer stay in your curst companie.	1379
Your hands then mine, are quicker for a fray,	1380
My legs are longer though to runne away.	1381

```
Ob. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
   1337 Or elfe commitst thy knaueries wilfully.
        Puck. Beleeue mee, king of shadowes, I mistooke.
   1339 Did not you tell mee, I should know the man.
   1340 By the Athenian garments, he had on?
   1341 And, so farr eblamelesse prooues my enterprise,
   1342 That I have nointed an Athenians eyes:
   1343 And fo farre am I glad, it fo did fort,
   1344 As this their iangling I esteeme a sport.
   1345 Ob. Thou seeft, these louers seeke a place to fight;
   1346 Hy therefore Robin, ouercast the night,
   1347 The starry welkin couer thou anon,
   1348 With drooping fogge as blacke as Acheron,
   1349 And lead these teasty Riuals so astray,
   1350 As one come not within anothers way.
   1351 Like to Lyfander, fometime frame thy tongue:
   1352 Then stirre Demetrius vp, with bitter wrong:
   1353 And sometime raile thou like Demetrius:
   1354 And from each other, looke thou lead them thus;
    1355 Till ore their browes, death-counterfaiting, fleepe,
1403 1356 With leaden legs, and Battywings doth creepe:
   1357 Then crush this hearbe into Lysanders eye;
   1358 Whose liquor hath this vertuous property,
   1350 To take from thence all errour, with his might,
   1360 And make his eyebalsroule with wonted fight,
   1361 When they next wake, all this derision
   1362 Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitelesse vision,
   1363 And backe to Athens shall the louers wend,
   1364 With league, whose date, till death shall neuer end.
   1365 Whiles I, in this affaire, doe thee imploy,
    1366 Ile to my Queene and beg her Indian boy:
   1367 And then I will her charmed eye release
   1368 From monsters viewe, and all things shall be peace.
    1369 Puck. My Faiery Lord, this must be done with haste.
    1370 For nights swift Dragons cut the clouds full fast,
```

Enter Oberon and Pucke.	1382
Ob. This is thy negligence, still thou mistak'st,	1383
Or else committ's thy knaueries willingly.	1384
Puck. Beleeue me, King of shadowes, I mistooke,	1385
Did not you tell me, I should know the man,	1386
By the Athenian garments he hath on?	1387
And so farre blamelesse proues my enterprize,	1388
That I have nointed an Athenians eies,	1389
And so farre am I glad, it so did sort,	1390
As this their iangling I esteeme a sport.	1391
Ob. Thou seest these Louers seeke a place to fight,	1392
Hie therefore Robin, ouercast the night,	1393
The starrie Welkin couer thou anon,	1394
With drooping fogge as blacke as Acheron,	1395
And lead these testie Riuals so astray,	1396
As one come not within anothers way.	1397
Like to Lysander, sometime frame thy tongue,	1398
Then stirre Demetrius vp with bitter wrong;	1399
And sometime raile thou like Demetrius;	1400
And from each other looke thou leade them thus,	1401
Till ore their browes, death-counterfeiting, sleepe	1402
With leaden legs, and Battie-wings doth creepe;	1403
Then crush this hearbe into Lysanders eie,	1404
Whose liquor hath this vertuous propertie,	1405
To take from thence all error, with his might,	1406
And make his eie-bals role with wonted fight.	1407
When they next wake, all this derision	1408
Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitlesse vision,	1409
And backe to Athens shall the Louers wend	1410
With league, whose date till death shall neuer end.	1411
Whiles I in this affaire do thee imply,	1412
Ile to my Queene, and beg her Indian Boy;	1413
And then I will her charmed eie release	1414
From monsters view, and all things shall be peace.	1415
Puck. My Fairie Lord, this must be done with haste,	1416
For night-swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast,	1417

```
1371 And yonder shines Auroras harbinger:
```

1372 At whose approach, Ghosts, wandring here and there,

1373 Troope home to Churchyards:damned spirits all;

1374 That in crosse waies and floods haue buriall,

1375 Already to their wormy beds are gone:

1376 For feare least day should looke their shames vpon,

1377 They wilfully themselues exile from light.

1378 And must for aye confort with black browed night.

1379 Ober. But we are spirits of another fort,

1380 I, with the mornings loue, haue oft made sport,

1381 And like a forrester, the groues may tread

1382 Euen till the Easterne gate all fiery red,

1430 1383 Opening on Neptune, with faire bleffed beames,

1384 Turnes, into yellow golde, his falt greene streames,

1385 But notwiftanding, hafte, make no delay:

1386 We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.

1387 Pu.Vp & down, vp & down, I will lead them vp & down.

1388 I am feard in field & town. Goblin, lead them vp & downe.

1389 Here comes one. Enter Lysander.

1390 Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? Speak thou now.

1391 Rob. Here villaine, drawne & ready. Where art thou?

1392 Lys. I will be with thee straight.

1393 Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.

1395 Deme. Lyfander, speake againe.

1396 Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?

1397 Speake in some bush. Where doest thou hide thy head?

1398 Rob. Thou coward art thou bragging, to the starres,

1399 Telling the bushes that thou look'st for warres,

1400 And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,

1401 Ile whippe thee with a rodde. He is defil'd,

1402 That drawes a fword on thee,

1452 1403 De. Yea, art thou there?

1404 Ro. Follow my voice: weele try no manhood here. Exeñt.

1623 A Midsommer Nights Dreams	e II
And yonder shines Auroras harbinger;	141
At whose approach Ghosts wandring here and	there, 141
Troope home to Church-yards; damned spirit	s all, 142
That in croffe-waies and flouds have buriall,	142
Alreadie to their wormie beds are gone;	142
For feare least day should looke their shames	vpon, 142
They wilfully themselues dxile from light,	142
And must for aye confort with blacke browd n	ight. 142
Ob. But we are spirits of another sort:	142
I, with the mornings loue haue oft made sport	, 142
And like a Forrester, the groues may tread,	142
Euen till the Easterne gate all fierie red,	142
Opening on Neptune, with faire bleffed beame	s, 143
Turnes into yellow gold, his falt greene stream	nes. 143
But notwithstanding haste, make no delay:	143
We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.	143
Puck. Vp and downe, vp and downe, I	will leade 143
them vp and downe: I am fear'd in field a	nd towne. 143
Goblin, lead them vp and downe: here comes	one. 143
Enter Lysander.	143'
Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius?	143
Speake thou now.	1439
Rob. Here villaine, drawne & readie. Where	e art thou? 144
Lys. I will be with thee straight.	144:
Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.	1449
Enter Demetrius.	144
Dem. Lysander, speake againe;	144
Thou runaway, thou coward, art tho u fled?	144
Speake in some bush: Where dost thou hide t	hy head? 1446
Rob. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the	ftars, 144'
Telling the bushes that thou look'ft for wars,	1448
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come the	ou childe, 1449
Ile whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd	1450
That drawes a fword on thee.	1451
Dem. Yea, art thou there?	1455
Ro. Follow my voice, we'l try no manhood her	re. Exit. 1453

```
Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on:
    1406 When I come where he calles, then he is gon.
    1407 The villaine is much lighter heel'd then I;
    1408 I followed fast: but faster he did fly;
    1400 That fallen am I in darke vneauen way,
    1410 And here will rest me. Come thou gentle day.
    1411 For if but once, thou shewe me thy gray light,
    1412 Ile finde Demetrius, and reuenge this spight.
                        Robin, and Demetrius.
    1413
          Robi. Ho, ho, ho : Coward, why comft thou not?
    1414
          Deme. Abide me, if thou dar'ft. For well I wot,
    1415
    1416 Thou runst before mee, shifting every place,
    1417 And dar'ft not fland, nor looke me in the face.
    1418 Where art thou now?
          Rob. Come hither: I am here.
          De. Nay then thou mockst me. Thou shat buy this dear.
    1420
    1421 If euer I thy face by day light fee.
    1422 Now, goe thy way. Faintnesse constraineth mee,
    1423 To measure, out my length, on this cold bed:
    1424 By daies approach looke to be vifited.
                           Enter Helena.
    1425
1476 1426 Hele. O weary night, Ol ong and tedious night,
   1427 Abate thy houres, shine comforts, from the east;
    1428 That I may backe to Athens, by day light,
    1429 From these that my poore company detest:
    1430 And sleepe, that sometimes shuts up forrowes eye,
   1431 Steale mee a while from mine owne companie.
                                                         Sleepe.
          Rob. Yet but three? Come one more.
   1433 Two of both kindes makes vp fower.
   1434 Heare shee comes, curst and sadde.
   1435 Cupid is a knauish ladde,
   1436 Thus to make poore females madde.
   1437 Her. Neuer so weary, neuer so in woe,
   1438 Bedabbled with the deaw, and torne with briers:
```

Her. Neuer so wearie, neuer so in woe,

Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars.

Thus to make poore females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Cupid is a knauish lad,

1485

1436

1487

1488

1489

1439 I can no further crawle, no further goe:

1440 My legges can keepe no pale with my desires.

1441 Here will I rest mee, till the breake of day:

1442 Heauens shielde Lysander, if they meane a fray.

1494 1443 Rob. On the ground, fleepe found:

1444 Ile apply your eye, gentle louer, remedy.

1445 When thou wak'st, thou tak'st

1446 True delight, in the fight, of thy former ladies eye:

1447 And the country prouerbe knowne,

1448 That euery man should take his owne,

1449 In your waking shall be showen,

1450 lacke shall have Iill: nought shall goe ill:

1451 The man shall have his mare again, & all shall be well.

Enter Queene of Faieries, and Clowne, and Faieries: and the king behinde them.

7454 Tita. Come fit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,

1455 While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,

1456 And stick musk roses in thy sleeke smooth head,

1457 And kiffe thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.

1458 Clown. Where's Peafe-bloffome?

1459 Pea. Ready.

1460 Clow. Scratch my heade, Pease-blossome. Wher's Moun-

1461 fieur Cobweb? Cob. Ready,

1516 1462 Clo. Mounsieur Cobweb, good Mounsieur, get you your 1463 weapons in your hand, and kill me a red hipt Humble Bee, 1464 on the toppe of a thistle: and good Mounsieur, bring mee 1465 the hony bagge. Doe not fret your selfe too much, in the



Actus Quartus.

Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the 1505 King behinde them. 1506 Tita. Come, fit thee downe vpon this flowry bed, 1507 While I thy amiable cheekes doe cov. 1508 And flicke muske roles in thy fleeke smoothe head, 1509 And kiffe thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy. 1510 Clow. Where's Pease blossome? 1511 Peas. Ready. 1512 Clow. Scratch my head, Peafe-bloffome. Wher's Moun- 1513 fieuer Cobweb. 1514 Cob. Ready. 1515 Clowne. Mounfieur Cobweb, good Mounfier get your 1516 weapons in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humble-Bee, 1517 on the top of a thiftle; and good Mounsieur bring mee 1518

the hony bag. Doe not fret your felfe too much in the 1519

1466 action, Mounsieur: and good Mounsieur haue a care, the 1467 honybagge breake not, I wold be loath to haue you ouer-1468 flowen with a honibag fignior. Where's Mounsieur Mas-1469 tardseede?

1470 Must. Readie.

1471 Clo. Giue me your neafe, Monnueur Mustardseede. Pray 1472 you, leaue your curtsie, good Mounsieur,

1473 Must. what's your will?

1474 Clo. Nothing good Mounsieur, but to helpe Caualery

1475 Cobwebbe, to scratch, I must to the Barbers, Mounsieur.

1476 For me thinkes I am maruailes hairy about the face. And I 1477 am such a tender Asse, if my haire doe but tickle mee, I

1478 must scratch.

1479 Tita. What, wilt thou heare some musique, my sweete 1534 1480 loue?

1481 Clo. I have a reasonable good eare in musique. Lets 1482 have the tongs, and the bones.

1483 Tyta. Or, say sweete loue, what thou desirest to eate.

1484 Clo. Truely a pecke of prouander. I could mounch your 1485 good dry Oates. Me thinkes, I have a great defire to a bot-1486 tle of hay. Good hay, sweete hay hath no fellow. (hoord,

1487 Ty. I have a venturous Fairy, that shall seeke the Squirils

1488 And fetch thee newe nuts.

1489 Clo. I had rather haue a handfull, or two of dryed peafe.

1490 But, I pray you: let none of your people stirre me: I haue an

1491 exposition of sleepe come vpon mee.

Tyta. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my armes,

1493 Faieries be gon, and be alwaies away.

1494 So doth the woodbine, the sweete Honisuckle,

1495 Gently entwist: the female Iuy so

1553 1496 Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme,

1497 O now I loue thee! how I dote on thee!

action, Mounfieur; and good Mounfieur haue a care the	1520
hony bag breake not, I would be loth to haue you ouer-	
flowne with a hony-bag figniour. Where's Mounfieur	
Mustardseed?	152
Mus. Ready.	1524
Cho. Giue me your neafe, Mounsieur Mustardseed.	1525
Pray you leaue your courtesse good Mounsieur.	1526
Mus. What's your will?	152
Clo. Nothing good Mounfieur, but to help Caualery	
Cobweb to scratch. I must to the Barbers Mounsieur, for	
me-thinkes I am maruellous hairy about the face. And I	
am such a tender asse, if my haire do but tickle me, I must	
fcratch.	1532
Tita. What, wilt thou heare some musicke, my sweet	1533
loue.	1534
Clow. I haue a reasonable good eare in musicke. Let	1535
vs haue the tongs and the bones.	1536
Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke.	1537
Tita. Or fay sweete Loue, what thou desirest to eat.	1538
Clowne. Truly a pecke of Prouender; I could munch	1539
your good dry Oates. Me-thinkes I haue a great defire	1540
to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweete hay hath no fel-	1541
low.	1542
Tita. I haue a venturous Fairy,	1543
That shall seeke the Squirrels hoard,	1544
And fetch thee new Nuts.	1545
Clown. I had rather haue a handfull or two of dried	1546
pease. But I pray you let none of your people stirre me, I	1547
haue an exposition of sleepe come vpon me.	1548
Tyta. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my arms,	1549
Fairies be gone, and be alwaies away.	1550
So doth the woodbine, the fweet Honifuckle,	1551
Gently entwift; the female Iuy fo	1552
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.	1553
O how I love thee! how I date on thee!	1554

Enter Robin goodfellow.

```
Ob. Welcome good Robin. Seeft thou this sweete fight
    1499
    1500 Her dotage now I doe beginne to pittie.
    1501 For meeting her of late, behinde the wood,
    1502 Seeking sweete fauours for this hatefull foole,
   1503 I did vpbraid her, and fall out with her.
   1504 For she his hairy temples then had rounded,
   1505 With coronet offresh and fragrant flowers.
   1506 And that same deave which sometime on the buddes,
   1507 Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearles;
1566 1508 Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,
   1509 Like teares, that did their owne difgrace bewaile.
   1510 When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
   1511 And she, in milde tearmes, begd my patience,
   1512 I then did aske of her, her changeling childe:
   1513 Which straight she gaue mee, and her Fairy sent
   1514 To beare him, to my bower, in Fairie land.
   1515 And now I have the boy, I will vndoe
   1516 This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.
   1517 And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalpe,
   1518 From of the heade of this Athenian swaine;
   1519 That hee, awaking when the other do,
   1520 May all to Athens backe againe repaire,
   1521 And thinke no more of this nights accidents,
   1522 But as the fearce vexation of a dreame.
   1523 But first I will release the Fairy Queene.
```

Be, as thou wast wont to bee:

See, as thou wast wont to see.

Dians budde, or Cupids flower,

Hath such force, and blessed power.

Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweete Queene.

Tita. My Oberon, what visions haue I seene!

Me thought I was enamourd of an Asse,

Ob. There lyes your loue.

1623	A Midsommer Nights Dreame	119
	Enter Robin goodfellow and Oberon.	1558
<i>Ob</i> . We	elcome good Robin:	1556
Seeft thou	this fweet fight?	1557
Her dotag	ge now I doe begin to pitty.	1558
For meeting	ng her of late behinde the wood,	1559
Seeking fv	weet fauors for this hatefull foole,	1560
	raid her, and fall out with her.	1561
For she hi	is hairy temples then had rounded,	1562
	onet of fresh and fragrant flowers.	1563
And that i	fame dew which fomtime on the buds,	1564
Was wont	to fwell like round and orient pearles;	1565
	within the pretty flouriets eyes,	1566
	es that did their owne difgrace bewaile.	1567
When I ha	ad at my pleafure taunted her,	1568
And she in	n milde termes beg'd my patience,	1569
I then did	aske of her, her changeling childe,	1570
Which stra	aight she gaue me, and her Fairy sent	1571
To beare h	him to my Bower in Fairy Land.	1572
And now 1	I haue the Boy, I will vndoe	1573
This hatef	full imperfection of her eyes.	1574
And gentle	e Pucke, take this transformed scalpe,	1575
From off t	the head of this Athenian swaine;	1576
That he av	waking when the other doe,	1577
May all to	Athens backe againe repaire,	1578
•	te no more of this nights accidents,	1579
But as the	e fierce vexation of a dreame.	1580
But first I	will release the Fairy Queene.	1581
Be .	thou as thou wast wont to be;	1582
	as thou wast wont to see.	1583
	ins bud, or Cupids flower,	1584
	th such force and blessed power.	1585
	Titania wake you my sweet Oueene.	1586
	ly Oberon, what visions haue I seene!	1587
	nt I was enamoured of an Affe.	1588
	are lies your lone	1500

```
Tita. How came these things to passe?
1533 O, how mine eyes doe loath his visage now!
       Ob. Silence a while. Robin, take off this head:
1535 Titania, musicke call, and strike more dead
1536 Then common fleepe: of all these, fine the sense.
1537 Ti. Musick, howe musick: such as charmeth sleepe. (peepe,
     Rob. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fools eyes
     Ob. Sound Musick: come, my queen, take hands with me,
1539
1540 And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be.
1541 Now, thou and I are new in amitie,
1542 And will to morrow midnight, folemnely
1543 Daunce, in Duke Thefeus house triumphantly,
1544 And bleffe it to all faire prosperitie.
1545 There shall the paires of faithfull louers be
1546 Wedded, with Theseus, all in iollitie.
1547 Rob. Fairy King, attend, and marke:
1548 I do heare the morning Larke.
      Ob. Then my Queene, in filence fad,
1550 Trippe we after nights shade:
1551 We, the Globe, can compasse soone,
1552 Swifter then the wandring Moone.
      Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight,
1554 Tell me how it came this night,
```

1556 With these mortals on the ground.

1555 That I fleeping here was found,

Exeunt.

Enter Theseus and all his traine. VVinde horne. 1557 The. Goe one of you, finde out the forrester: 1558 1559 For now our observation is performed. 1560 And fince we have the vaward of the day, 1561 My loue shall heare the musicke of my hounds. 1562 Vncouple, in the westerne vallie, let them goe 1563 Dispatch I say, and finde the forrester,



Tita. How came these things to passe?	1590
Oh, how mine eyes doth loath this visage now!	1591
Ob. Silence a while. Robin take off his head:	1592
Titania, musick call, and strike more dead	1593
Then common fleepe; of all these, fine the sense.	1594
Tita. Musicke, ho musicke, such as charmeth sleepe.	1595
Musick still.	1596
Rob. When thou wak'st, with thine owne fooles eies	1597
peepe. (me	1598
Ob. Sound musick; come my Queen, take hands with	1599
And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be.	1600
Now thou and I are new in amity,	1601
And will to morrow midnight, folemnly	1602
Dance in Duke Thefeus house triumphantly,	1608
And bleffe it to all faire posterity.	1604
There shall the paires of faithfull Louers be	1605
Wedded, with Theseus, all in iollity.	1606
Rob. Faire King attend, and marke,	1607
I doe heare the morning Larke.	1608
Ob. Then my Queene in filence fad,	1609
Trip we after the nights shade;	1610
We the Globe can compasse soone,	1611
Swifter then the wandring Moone.	1612
Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight,	1613
Tell me how it came this night,	1614
That I fleeping heere was found,	1615
Sleepers Lye still.	1616
With these mortals on the ground. Exeunt.	1617
Winde Hornes.	1618
Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita and all his traine.	1619
Thes. Goe one of you, finde out the Forrester,	1620
For now our observation is perform'd;	1621
And fince we have the vaward of the day,	1622
My Loue shall heare the musicke of my hounds.	1623
Vncouple in the Westerne valley, let them goe;	1624
Dispatch I say, and finde the Forrester.	1625

```
1564 Wee will, faire Queene, vp to the mountaines toppe,
    1565 And marke the muficall confusion
1628 1566 Of hounds and Echo in conjunction.
    1567 Hip. I was with Hercnles and Cadmus, once,
   1568 When in a wood of Creete they bayed the Beare.
    1569 With hounds of Sparta: neuer did I heare
   1570 Such gallant chiding. For besides the groues.
   1571 The skyes, the fountaines, euery region neare
   1572 Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard
   1573 So musicall a discord, such sweete thunder.
         The My hounds are bred out of the Spartane kinde:
   1575 So flew'd, so fanded: and their heads are hung
   1576 VVith eares, that sweepe away the morning deawe,
   1577 Crooke kneed, and deawlapt, like Thessalian Buls:
   1578 Slowe in pursuit; but matcht in mouth like bels,
   1579 Each vnder each. A cry more tunable
   1580 Was neuer hollowd to, nor cheerd with horne,
    1581 In Creete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.
    1582 Iudge when you heare. But foft. What nymphes are these?
          Egeus. My Lord, this my daughter heere a fleepe,
   1584 And this Lysander, this Demetrius is,
1647 1585 This Helena, old Nedars Helena.
   1586 I wonder of their being here together.
           The. No doubt, they rose vp earely, to observe
    1587
   1588 The right of May: and hearing our intent,
   1589 Came heere, in grace of our folemnitie.
    1590 But speake, Egeus, is not this the day,
   1591 That Hermia should give answer of her choyce?
          Egeus. It is, my Lord.
                                                          (hornes.
   1592
```

Shoute within: they all flart vp. Winde hornes.

The. Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past.

Begin these woodbirds but to couple, now?

These. Goe, bid the huntsmen wake them with their

1597 Lys. Pardon, my Lord.

1593

We will faire Queene, vp to the Mountaines top.	1626
And marke the musicall confusion	1627
Of hounds and eccho in coniunction.	1628
Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,	1629
When in a wood of Creete they bayed the Beare	1630
With hounds of Sparta; neuer did I heare	1631
Such gallant chiding. For besides the groues,	1632
The skies, the fountaines, euery region neere,	1633
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard	1634
So muficall a difcord, fuch fweet thunder.	1635
Thes. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kinde,	1636
So flew'd, fo fanded, and their heads are hung	1637
With eares that sweepe away the morning dew,	1638
Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like Theffalian Buls,	1639
Slow in purfuit, but match'd in mouth like bels,	1640
Each vnder each. A cry more tuneable	1641
Was neuer hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horne,	1642
In Creete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly;	1643
Iudge when you heare. But foft, what nimphs are these?	1644
Egeus. My Lord, this is my daughter heere asleepe,	1645
And this Lysander, this Demetrius is,	1646
This Helena, olde Nedars Helena,	1647
I wonder of this being heere together.	1648
The. No doubt they rose vp early, to obserue	1649
The right of May; and hearing our intent,	1650
Came heere in grace of our folemnity.	1651
But speake Egeus, is not this the day	1652
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?	1653
Egeus. It is, my Lord.	1654
Thef. Goe bid the hunts-men wake them with their	1655
hornes.	1656
Hornes and they wake.	1657
Shout within, they all start vp.	1658
Thes. Good morrow friends: Saint Valentine is past,	1659
Begin these wood birds but to couple now?	1660
Lul Pardon my I ord	1881

```
The. I pray you all, stand vp.
   1599 Iknow, you two are Riuall enemies.
   1600 How comes this gentle concord in the worlde,
   1601 That hatred is so farre from lealousie,
1666 1602 To fleepe by hate, and feare no enmitie,
          Ly/. My Lord, I shal reply amazedly,
   1604 Halfe fleepe, halfe waking. But, as yet. I sweare,
   1605 I cannot truely fay how I came here.
   1606 But as I thinke (for truely would I speake)
   1607 And now I doe bethinke mee, so it is;
   1608 I came with Hermia, hither. Our intent
   1609 Was to be gonfrom Athens: where we might
   1610 Without the perill of the Athenian lawe,
   1611 Ege. Enough, enough my Lord: you have enough.
   1612 I begge the law, the law, vpon his head:
   1613 They would have stolne away, they would, Demetrius,
   1614 Thereby to haue defeated you and me:
   1615 You of your wife, and mee, of my confent:
   1616 Of my consent, that she should be your wife.
          Deme. My Lord, faire Helen told me of their stealth,
   1618 Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,
   1619 And I in fury hitherfollowed them;
   1620 Faire Helena, in fancy following mee.
   1621 But my good Lord, I wote not by what power
   1622 (But by some powerit is) my loue,
   1623 To Hermia (melted as the snowe)
   1624 Seemes to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,
   1625 Which in my childehoode I did dote vpon:
   1626 And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
   1627 The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
   1628 Is onely Helena. To her, my Lord,
   1629 Was I betrothed, ere I fee Hermia:
   1630 But, like a ficknesse, did I loath this foode.
   1631 But, as in health, come to my naturall tafte,
   1632 Now I doe wish it, loue it, long for it,
```

1633 And will for euermore be true to it.

1634 The. Faire louers, you are fortunately met, 1699 1635 Of this discourse, we more will here anon.

1636 Egeus, I will ouerbeare your will:

1637 For in the Temple, by and by, withvs,

1638 These couples shall eternally be knit.

1639 And, for the morning now is fomthing worne,

1640 Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.

1641 Away, with vs, to Athens. Three and three,

1642 Weele holde a feast, in great solemnitie. Come Hyppolita.

1643 Deme. These things seeme small and vndistinguishable,

1644 Like farre off mountaines turned into clouds.

1710 1645 Her. Me thinks I see these things, with parted eye,

1646 When every thing feemes double.

1647 Hel. So mee thinkes:

1648 And I have found Demetrius, like a iewell,

1649 Mine owne, and not mine owne.

1650 Dem. Are you fure

1651 That we are awake? It seemes to me,

1652 That yet we sleepe, we dreame Do not you thinke,

1653 The Duke was here, and bid vs follow him?

1654 Her. Yea, and my father.

1655 Hel. And Hyppolita.

1656 Lys. And he did bid vs follow to the Temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake: lets follow him, and by 1658 the way lets recount our dreames.

1724 1659 Clo. When my cue comes, call mee, and I will answere.
1660 My next is, most faire Pyramus, Hey ho. Peeter Quince?
1661 Flute, the bellowes menders Snout the tinker? Starueling?
1662 Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left mee a sleepe? I haue
1663 had a most rare vision. I haue had a dreame, past the wit
1664 of man, to say; what dreame it was. Man is but an Asse, if
1665 hee goe about expound this dreame. Me thought I was,
1666 there is no man can tell what. Me thought I was, and me
1667 thought I had. But man is but patcht a foole, If hee will

1602

1668 offer to fay, what mee thought I had. The eye of man 1669 hath not heard, the eare of man hath not feene, mans 1670 hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceiue, nor his 1671 hearte to report, what my dreame was, I will get Pe-1672 ter Quince to write a Ballet of this dreame: it shall be 1673 call'd Bottoms Dreame; because it hath no bottome: and 1674 I will fing it in the latter end of a Play, before the Duke. 1675 Peraduenture, to make it the more gratious, I shall sing 1676 it at her death.

1742 1677 Enter Quince, Flute, Thisby and the rabble.

1678 Quin. Haue you sent to Bottoms house? Is he come 1679 home, yet?

1680 Flut. Hee cannot be heard of, Out of doubt he is trans-1681 ported.

1682 Thys. If hee come not, then the Play is mard. It goes 1683 not forward. Doth it?

1684 Quin. It is not possible. You have not a man, in all A1685 thens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

1686 Thys. No, hee hath simply the best wit of any handy-1687 crast man, in Athens.

1688 Quin. Yea, and the best person to, and hee is a very 1689 Paramour, for a sweete voice.

1690 Thif. You must say, Paragon. A Paramour is (God 1691 blesse vs) a thing of nought,

Enter Snug, the Ioyner.

1693 Snug. Masters, the Duke is comming from the Tem-1694 ple, and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more 1695 married. If our sport had gon forward, wee had all 1696 beene made men.

1697 Thys. O sweete bully Bottome. Thus hath hee lost six 1698 pence a day, during his life: hee coulde not have scaped 1699 sixe pence a day. And the Duke had not given him six 1700 pence a day, for playing Pyramus Ile be hanged.

if he will offer to fay, what me-thought I had. The eye of 1733 man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not feen, mans 1784 hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceiue, nor his 1735 heart to report, what my dreame was. I will get Peter 1736 Quince to write a ballet of this dreame, it shall be called 1737 Bottomes Dreame, because it hath no bottome; and I will 1738 fing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Per- 1739 aduenture, to make it the more gracious, I shall fing it 1740 at her death. Exit. 1741

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisbie, Snout, and Starueling. 1742

Quin. Haue you fent to Bottomes house? Is he come 1743 home yet? Staru. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt hee is 1745 transported. 1746 This. If he come not, then the play is mar'd. It goes 1747 not forward, doth it? 1748 Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all 1749 Athens, able to discharge Piramus but he. 1750 This. No, hee hath simply the best wit of any handy- 1751 craft man in Athens. 1752 Quin. Yea, and the best person too, and hee is a very 1753 Paramour, for a fweet voyce. 1754 This. You must say, Paragon. A Paramour is (God 1755

Enter Snug the Ioyner.

1757 Snug. Masters, the Duke is comming from the Tem- 1758 ple, and there is two or three Lords & Ladies more mar- 1759 ried: If our sport had gone forward, we had all bin made 1760 men.

This. O sweet bully Bottome: thus hath he lost fixe- 1762 pence a day, during his life; he could not have scaped fix- 1763 pence a day. And the Duke had not given him fixpence 1764 a day for playing Piramus, Ile be hang'd. He would have 1765

1756

bleffe vs) a thing of nought.

1766 1701 He would have deserved it. Six pence a day, in *Pyramus*, 1702 or nothing.

1703 Enter Bottom.

1704 Bot. Where are these lads? Where are these harts?
1705 Quin, Bottom, 8 most couragious day! O most happy
1706 houre:

1707 Bott. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but aske me 1708 not what. For if I tell you, I am not true Athenian. I will 1709 tell you every thing right as it fell out.

2710 Quin. Let vs heare, sweete Bottom.

1775 1711 Bot. Not a word of mee. All that I will tell you, is, that 1712 the Duke hath dined. Get your apparrell together, good 1713 strings to your beardes, new ribands to your pumpes, 1714 meete presently at the palace, euery manlooke ore his part. 1715 For, the short and the long is, our play is presend. In any 1716 case let Thisby haue cleane linnen: and let not him, that 1717 plaies the Lyon, pare his nailes: for they shall hang out 1718 for the Lyons clawes. And most deare Actors, eate no O-1719 nions, nor garlicke: for we are to vtter sweete breath: and 1720 I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweete Comedy. 1721 No more wordes. Away, go away.

Enter Theseus, Hyppolita, and Philostrate.

1723 Hip. Tis strange, my Theseus, that these louers speake of.
1724 The. More straunge then true. I neuer may believe

1725 These antique fables, nor these Fairy toyes.

1726 Louers, and mad men haue such seething braines, 1727 Such shaping phantasses, that apprehend more,

1728 Then coole reason euer comprehends. The lunatick,

Sixpence a day in *Piramus*, or nothing. deserued it.

1766

Enter Bottome.

1767

Bot. Where are these Lads? Where are these hearts? 1768 Quin. Bottome, ô most couragious day! O most hap- 1769 pie houre! 1770

I 1772

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me 1771 not what. For if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. will tell you euery thing as it fell out. 1773

1774

Qu. Let vs heare, sweet Bottome.

Bot. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, is, that 1775 the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together, good 1776 ftrings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps, 1777 meete presently at the Palace, euery man looke ore his 1778 part: for the short and the long is, our play is preferred: 1779 In any case let Thisby have cleane linnen: and let not him 1780 that playes the Lion, paire his nailes, for they shall hang 1781 out for the Lions clawes. And most deare Actors, eate 1782 no Onions, nor Garlicke; for wee are to vtter sweete 1783 breath, and I doe not doubt but to heare them fay, it is a 1784 fweet Comedy. No more words: away, go away.

Exeunt. 1786

Actus Quintus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus and his Lords.

1787

Hip. 'Tis strange my Thefeus, y these louers speake of.	1788
The. More strange then true. I neuer may beleeue	1789
These anticke fables, nor these Fairy toyes,	1790
Louers and mad men haue such seething braines,	1791
Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend more	1792
Then coole reason euer comprehends.	1793

1794 1729 The louer, and the Poet are of imagination all compact.

```
1730 One sees more diuels, then vast hell can holde:
```

1731 That is the mad man. The louer, all as frantick,

1732 Sees Helens beauty in a brow of Ægypt.

1733 The Poets eye, in a fine frenzy, rolling, doth glance

1734 From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven. And as

1735 Imagination bodies forth the formes of things

1736 Vnknowne: the Poets penne turnes them to shapes,

1737 And gives to ayery nothing, a locall habitation,

1738 And a name. Such trickes hath strong imagination,

1739 That if it would but apprehend some ioy,

1740 It comprehends some bringer of that ioy.

1741 Or in the night, imagining some feare,

1742 How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare?

743 Hyp. But, all the story of the night told ouer,

1744 And all their minds transfigur'd so together,

1745 More witnesseth than fancies images,

1746 And growes to something of great constancy:

1747 But howfoeuer, strange and admirable.

1748 Enter Louers; Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia and Helena.

750 The. Here come the louers, full of ioy and mirth.

1751 Ioy, gentle friends, ioy and fresh daies

1752 Of loue accompany your hearts.

1753 Lys. More then tovs, waite in your royall walkes, your 1754 boorde, your bedde. (haue,

1755 The. Come now: what maskes, what daunces shall wee

1756 To weare away this long age of three hours, betweene 1757 Or after supper, & bed-time? Where isour vsuall manager

1758 Of mirth? What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play, 1759 To ease the anguish of a torturing hower? Call *Philostrate*.

To ease the anguish of a torturing houre?

Call Egeus.

1827

```
1760 Philostrate. Here mighty Theseus.
```

761 The. Say, what abridgement haue you for this evening?

1762 What maske, what musicke? Now shall we beguile

1763 The lazy tyme, if not with some delight?

1764 Philost. There is a briefe, how many sports are ripe.

1765 Make choyce, of which your Highnesse will see first.

1766 The. The battell with the centaures to be sung,

1767 By an Athenian Eunuche, to the нагре?

1766 Weele none of that. That have I tolde my loue,

1769 In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

1840 1770 The ryot of the tipfie Bachanals,

1771 Tearing the Thracian singer, in their rage?

1772 That is an olde deuise: and it was plaid,

1773 When I from Thebes came last a conquerer.

1774 The thrife three Muses, mourning for the death

1775 Of learning, late deceast, in beggery?

1776 That is some Satire keene and criticall,

1777 Not forting with a nuptiall ceremony.

1778 A tedious briefe Scene of young Pyramus

1779 And his loue Thisby; very tragical mirth?

1780 Merry, and tragicall? Tedious, and briefe? That is hot Ife,

1781 And wodrous strange snow. How shall we find the cocord

1782 Of this discord?

1853 1783 Philost. A Play there is, my Lord, some ten words long;

1784 Which is as briefe, as I have knowne a play:

1785 But, by ten words, my Lord it is too long:

1786 Which makes it tedious. For in all the Play,

1787 There is not one word apt, one player fitted.

1788 And tragicall, my noble Lord, it is. For Pyramus,

1789 Therein, doth kill himselfe. Which when I saw

1790 Rehearst, I must confesse, made mine eyes water;

1791 But more merry teares the passion of loud laughter

1792 Neuer shed.

1793 These. What are they, that doe play it?

1794 Phil. Hard handed men, that worke in Athens here,

Ege. Heere mighty Theseus.	1829
The. Say, what abridgement haue you for this eue-	1830
ning?	1831
What maske? What musicke? How shall we beguile	1832
The lazie time, if not with some delight?	1833
Ege. There is a breefe how many sports are rife:	1834
Make choise of which your Highnesse will see first.	1835
Lif. The battell with the Centaurs to be fung	1836
By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe.	1837
The. Wee'l none of that. That have I told my Loue	1838
In glory of my kiniman Hercules.	1839
Lif. The riot of the tipfie Bachanals,	1840
Tearing the Thracian finger, in their rage?	1841
The. That is an old deuice, and it was plaid	1842
When I from Thebes came last a Conqueror.	1843
Lif. The thrice three Muses, mourning for the death	18 44
of learning, late deceast in beggerie.	1845
The. That is some Satire keene and criticall,	18 46
Not forting with a nuptiall ceremonie.	1847
List. A tedious breefe Scene of yong Piramus,	1848
And his loue Thisby; very tragical mirth.	1849
The. Merry and tragicall? Tedious, and briefe? That	1850
is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow. How shall wee	1851
finde the concord of this discord?	1852
Ege. A play there is, my Lord, some ten words long,	1858
Which is as breefe, as I have knowne a play;	1854
But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long;	1855
Which makes it tedious. For in all the play,	185 6
There is not one word apt, one Player fitted.	1857
And tragicall my noble Lord it is: for Piramus	1858
Therein doth kill himselfe. Which when I saw	1859
Rehearst, I must confesse, made mine eyes water:	1860
But more merrie teares, the passion of loud laughter	1861
Neuer shed.	1862
Thef. What are they that do play it?	1863
Ege. Hard handed men, that worke in Athens heere,	1864

```
1795 Which neuer labour'd in their minds till now:
    1796 And now have toyled their vnbreathed memories,
   1797 With this same Play, against your nuptiall.
           The. And wee will heare it.
          Phi. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I have heard
1869 1799
    1800 It ouer, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;
    1801 Vnlesse you can finde sport in their entents,
    1802 Extreamely stretcht, and cond with cruell paine,
   1803 To do you feruice.
          The. I will heare that play. For neuer any thing
    1804
    1805 Can be amisse, when simplenesse and duety tender it.
    1806 Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.
          Hip. I loue not to fee wretchednesse orecharged;
    1808 And duety, in his feruice, perishing.
         The. Why, gentle sweete, you shall see no such thing.
         Hip. He fayes, they can doe nothing in this kinde.
         The. The kinder we, to give them thanks, for nothing.
    1812 Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake.
    1813 And what poore duty cannot doe, noble respect
    1814 Takes it in might, not merit.
    1815 Where I have come, great Clerkes have purposed
    1816 To greete me, with premeditated welcomes;
    1817 Where I have feene them shiver and looke pale,
1888 1818 Make periods in the midst of sentences,
    1819 Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,
    1820 And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,
    1821 Not paying mee a welcome. Trust me, sweete,
    1822 Out of this filence, yet, I pickt a welcome:
    1823 And in the modesty of fearefull duty,
    1824 I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
    1825 Of faucy and audacious eloquence.
    1826 Loue, therefore, and tong-tide simplicity,
    1827 In least, speake most, to my capacity.
           Philost. So please your Grace, the Prologue is addrest,
    1828
           Duk. Let him approach.
    1829
```

Which neuer labour'd in their mindes till now;	1865
And now have toyled their vnbreathed memories	1866
With this fame play, against your nuptiall.	1867
The. And we will heare it.	1868
Phi. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I have heard	1869
It ouer, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;	1870
Vnlesse you can finde sport in their intents,	1871
Extreamely stretcht, and cond with cruell paine,	1872
To doe you feruice.	1873
Thef. I will heare that play. For neuer any thing	1874
Can be amisse, when simplenesse and duty tender it.	1875
Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.	1876
Hip. I loue not to fee wretchednesse orecharged;	1877
And duty in his feruice perishing.	1878
Thef. Why gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.	1879
Hip. He faies, they can doe nothing in this kinde.	1880
Thef. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing	1881
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake;	1882
And what poore duty cannot doe, noble respect	1883
Takes it in might, not merit.	1884
Where I haue come, great Clearkes haue purposed	1885
To greete me with premeditated welcomes;	1886
Where I haue seene them shiuer and looke pale,	1887
Make periods in the midst of sentences,	1888
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,	1889
And in conclusion, dumbly haue broke off,	1890
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me sweete,	1891
Out of this filence yet, I pickt a welcome:	1892
And in the modesty of fearefull duty,	1893
I read as much, as from the ratling tongue	1894
Of faucy and audacious eloquence.	1895
Loue therefore, and tongue-tide simplicity,	1896
In least, speake most, to my capacity.	1897
Egeus. So please your Grace, the Prologue is addrest.	1898
Duke. Let him approach. Flor. Trum.	1899

Enter the Prologue. 1830 *Pro.* If wee offend, it is with our good will. 1831 1832 That you should thinke, we come not to offend, 1833 But with good will. To shew our simple skill, 1834 That is the true beginning of our end.

1835 Consider then, we come but in despight. 1836 We doe not come, as minding to content you,

1837 Our true intent is. All for your delight,

1838 Wee are not here. That you should here repent you,

1839 The Actors are at hand: and, by their showe,

1910 1840 You shall know all, that you are like to knowe,

The. This fellow doth not stand vpon points.

Lys. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colte: hee 1843 knowes not the stoppe. A good morall my I ord. It is not 1844 enough to speake; but to speake true.

Hyp. Indeed he hath plaid on this Prologue, like a child 1846 on a Recorder, a found; but not in gouernement.

The. His speach was like a tangled Chaine; nothing im-1847 1848 paired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus, and Thisby, and Wall, ana Moone-1849 shine, and Lyon. 1850

Prologue. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show 1921 1851 1852 But, wonder on, till truthe make all things plaine.

1853 This man is Pyramus, if you would knowe:

1854 This beautious Lady Th/by is certaine.

1855 This man, with lyme and roughcast, doth present

1856 Wall, that vile wall, which did these louers funder:

1857 And through wals chinke, poore foules, they are content

1858 To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder.

1859 This man, with lanterne, dogge, and bush of thorne,

1860 Presenteth moone-shine. For if you will know,

1861 By moone-shine did these louers thinke no scorne

1862 To meete at Ninus tombe, there, there to wooe:

1983 1863 This grizly beaft (which Lyon hight by name)



1623	A	Midsommer Nights Dreame	139
	i	Enter the Prologue. Quince.	1900
Pro. If we	offe	end, it is with our good will.	1901
That you sho	uld	thinke, we come not to offend,	1902
But with goo	d w	ill. To fhew our fimple skill,	1903
That is the ti	ue	beginning of our end.	1904
		e come but in despight.	1905
		as minding to content you,	1906
		s. All for your delight,	1907
We are not h	eer	e. That you should here repent you,	1908
The Actors a	re a	t hand; and by their show,	1909
You shall kno	w a	ill, that you are like to know.	1910
Thef. This	fell	ow doth not stand vpon points.	1911
Lys. He ha	th	rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: he	1912
knowes not th	ne f	top. A good morall my Lord. It is not	1913
enough to spe	ake	, but to speake true.	1914
Hip. Indee	d h	ee hath plaid on his Prologue, like a	1915
childe on a R	.eco	rder, a found, but not in gouernment.	1916
		9	1917
		difordered. Who is next?	1918
:	Tau	yer with a Trumpet before them.	1919
Enter Pyram	us a	nd Thisby, Wall, Moone-shine, and Lyon.	1920
Prol. Gent	les,	perchance you wonder at this show,	1921
But wonder o	n, t	ill truth make all things plaine.	1922
This man is A	Pira	mus, if you would know;	1923
This beauteon	us I	Lady, Thisby is certaine.	1924
This man, wit	th ly	me and rough-cast, doth present	1925
Wall, that vil	e w	all, which did these louers sunder:	1926
And through	wal	ls chink (poor foules) they are content	1927
			1928
		, 3,	1929
		e-shine. For if you will know,	1930
		lid these Louers thinke no scorne	1931
		s toombe, there, there to wooe:	1932
This grizy be	ast ((which Lyon hight by name)	1933

```
1864 The trufty Thysby, comming first by night,
```

1865 Did scarre away, or rather did affright:

1866 And as she fled, her mantle she did fall:

1867 Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did staine.

1868 Anon comes Pyramus, sweete youth, and tall,

1869 And findes his trusty Thisbyes mantle slaine:

1870 Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,

1871 не brauely broacht his boyling bloody breast.

1872 And Thisby, tarying in Mulberry shade,

1873 His dagger drewe, and dyed. For all the rest,

1874 Let Lyon, Moone-shine, Wall, and louers twaine,

1945 1875 At large discourse, while here they doe remaine,

1876 The. I wonder, if the Lyon be to speake.

1877 Demet. No wonder, my Lord. One Lyon may, when

1878 many Asses doe.

1879 Exit Lyon, Thysby, and Mooneshine.

1880 Wall. In this same enterlude it doth befall,

1881 That I, one Flute (by name) present a wall:

1882 And fuch a wall, as I would have you thinke

1883 That had in it a cranied hole or chinke:

1884 Through which the louers, Pyramus, and Thisby,

1885 Did whisper often, very secretly.

1886 This lome, this roughcast, and this stone doth showe,

1887 That I am that same wall: the truth is so.

1888 And this the cranie is, right and finister,

1889 Through which the fearefull louers are to whifper.

1890 The. Would you defire lime and haire to speake better?

1891 Deme. It is the wittiest partition, that ever I heard dis-1892 course, my Lord.

1965 1893 The. Pyramus drawes neare the wall: filence.

1894 Py. O grim lookt night, o night, with hue so blacke,

1895 O night, which euer art, when day is not:

1896 O night, O night, alacke, alacke, alacke,

1925

```
1897 I feare my Thisbyes promise is forgot.
   1898 And thou ô wall, ô sweete, ô louely wall,
   1899 That standst betweene her fathers ground and mine,
   1900 Thou wall, ô wall, O sweete and louely wall,
   1901 Showe mee thy chinke, to blink through, with mine eyne,
   1902 Thankes curteous wall. Ioue shield thee well, for this.
   1903 But what see I? No Thisby doe I see.
   1904 O wicked wall, through whome I fee no bliffe,
   1905 Curst be thy stones, for thus deceiving mee.
          The. The wall mee thinkes, being fenfible, should curfe
   1907 againe.
1981 1908 Pyr No, in truth Sir, he should not. Deceiving mee is
   1909 Thisbyes cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy
   1910 Her through the wall. You shall see it will fall
   1911 Pat as I told you: yonder she comes.
                                                      Enter Thisby.
   1912 This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my mones,
   1913 For parting my faire Pyramus, and mee.
   1914 My cherry lips haue often kist thy stones;
   1915 Thy stones, with lime and havire knit now againe.
         Pyra. I fee a voice: now will I to the chinke,
    1917 To fpy and I can heare my Thisbyes face. Thysby?
         This. My loue thou art, my loue I thinke.
         Py. Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy louers Grace:
   1920 And, like Limander, am Itrusty still.
          This. And I, like Helen, till the fates me kill.
    1921
          Pyra. Not Shafalus, to Procrus, was fo true.
    IQ22
          This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.
   1923
          Pyr. O kiffe mee, through the hole of this vilde wall.
1998 1924
```

1927 Thy. Tide life, tyde death, I come without delay.
1928 Wal. Thus haue I, Wall, my part discharged so;
1929 And, being done, thus wall away doth goe.

This. I kiffe the walles hole; not your lips at all.

1926 Pyr. Wilt thou, at Ninnies tombe, meete me straight way?

I form men Thinking manufactor former	1080
I feare my <i>Thisbies</i> promife is forgot.	1970
And thou ô vvall, thou fweet and louely vvall,	1971
That stands betweene her fathers ground and mine,	1972
Thou vvall, ô vvall, ô fweet and louely vvall,	1973
Shew me thy chinke, to blinke through with mine eine.	1974
Thankes courteous vvall. <i>Ioue</i> shield thee vvell for this.	1975
But vvhat see I? No Thisbie doe I see.	1976
O vvicked vvall, through vvhom I fee no bliffe,	1977
Curst be thy stones for thus deceiuing mee.	1978
Thef. The vvall me-thinkes being fensible, should	1979
curse againe.	1980
Pir. No in truth fir, he should not. Deceiuing me,	1981
Is Thisbies cue; she is to enter, and I am to spy	1982
Her through the vvall. You shall see it vvill fall.	1983
Enter Thisbie.	1984
Pat as I told you; yonder she comes.	198
This. O vvall, full often hast thou heard my mones,	1986
For parting my faire Piramus, and me.	198
My cherry lips haue often kist thy stones;	1989
Thy stones with Lime and Haire knit vp in thee.	1989
Pyra. I fee a voyce; now vvill I to the chinke,	199
To fpy and I can heare my Thisbies face. Thisbie?	199
This. My Loue thou art, my Loue I thinke.	1999
Pir. Thinke vvhat thou vvilt, I am thy Louers grace,	1993
And like Limander am I trusty still.	1994
This. And like Helen till the Fates me kill.	1998
Pir. Not Shafalus to Procrus, was so true.	199
This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.	199'
Pir. O kiffe me through the hole of this vile wall.	199
This. I kiffe the wals hole, not your lips at all.	199
Pir. Wilt thou at Ninnies tombe meete me straight	
way?	200
This. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.	200
Wall. Thus have I Wall, my part discharged so;	200
And being done, thus Wall away doth go. Exit Clow.	200

1940

1930 Duk. Now is the Moon vsed between the two neighbors.

1931 Deme. No remedy, my Lord, when wals are so wilfull, to 1932 heare without warning.

1933 Dutch. This is the filliest stuffe, that euer I heard.

1934 Duke. The best, in this kinde, are but shadowes: and 1935 the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

1935 the work are no worse, it imagination amend them.
1936 Dutch. It must be your imagination, then; & not theirs.

1937 Duke. If we imagine no worse of them, then they of the1938 selues, they may passe for excellent men. Here come two

1939 noble beafts, in a man and a Lyon.

Enter Lyon, and Moone-shine.

1941 Lyon. You Ladies, you(whose gentle hearts do feare

1942 The smallest monstrous mouse, that creepes on floore)

1943 May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,

1944 When Lyon rough, in wildest rage, doth roare.

2021 1945 Then know that I, as Snug the Ioyneram

1946 A Lyon fell, nor else no Lyons damme,

1947 For, if I should, as Lyon, come in strife,

1948 Into this place, 'twere pitty on my life.

1949 Duk. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

1950 Deme. The very best at a beast, my Lord, that ere I saw.

1951 Lys. This Lyon is a very fox, for his valour.

1952 Duk. True: and a goose for his discretion.

1953 De. Not so my Lord. For his valour cannot carry his dis-

1954 cretion: and the fox carries the goofe.

1955 Duk. His difcretion, I am fure, cannot carry his valour.

1956 For the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his

1957 discretion, and let vs listen to the Moone.

1958 Moone. This lanthorne doth the horned moone present.

1959 Deme. He should have worne the hornes, on nis head.

1960 Duk. He is no crescent, and his hornes are inuisible, with-

1961 in the circumference.

ľ

eighbe

wift

urd. ves::

their y of i y me i

;)

27.

Du. Now is the morall downe betweene the two	2005
Neighbors.	2006
	2007
full, to heare without vvarning.	2008
Dut. This is the filliest stuffe that ere I heard.	2009
Du. The best in this kind are but shadowes, and the	2010
worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.	2011
Dut. It must be your imagination then, & not theirs.	2012
,	2013
	2014
two noble beafts, in a man and a Lion.	2015
Enter Lyon and Moone-shine.	2016
Lyon. You Ladies, you (whose gentle harts do feare	2017
The smallest monstrous mouse that creepes on floore)	2018
May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere,	2019
When Lion rough in wildest rage doth roare.	2020
Then know that I, one Snug the Ioyner am	2021
A Lion fell, nor else no Lions dam:	2022
For if I should as Lion come in strife	2023
Into this place, 'twere pittie of my life.	2024
Du.A verie gentle beast, and of a good conscience.	2025
Dem. The verie best at a beast, my Lord, y ere I saw.	2026
Lif. This Lion is a verie Fox for his valor.	2027
Du. True, and a Goose for his discretion.	2028
Dem. Not so my Lord: for his valor cannot carrie	2029
his discretion, and the Fox carries the Goose.	2030
Du. His discretion I am sure cannot carrie his valor:	2031
for the Goose carries not the Fox. It is well; leaue it to	2032
his discretion, and let vs hearken to the Moone.	2033
Moon. This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone pre-	2034
fent.	2035
De. He should haue worne the hornes on his head.	2036
Du. Hee is no crescent, and his hornes are inuisible,	2037

10

within the circumference.

2039 1962 Moone, This lanthorne doth the horned moone present,

1963 My selfe, the man ith Moone, doe seeme to be.

1964 Duke. This is the greatest errour of all the rest; the man 1965 should be put into the lanthorne. How is it else the man ith 1966 Moone?

1967 Deme. He dares not come there, for the candle. For, 1968 you see, it is already in snuffe. (change.

1969 Dutch, I am aweary of this Moone. Would hee woulde

1970 Duke. It appeares, by his small light of discretion, that 1971 hee is in the wane: but yet in curtesse, in all reason, wee 1972 must stay the time.

1973 Lysan. Proceede, Moone.

1974 Moon, All that I have to fay, is to tell you, that the lan-1975 thorne is the Moone, I the man ith Moone, this thorne bush 1976 my thorne bush, and this dogge my dogge.

1977 Deme. Why? All these should be in the lanthorne: for all 1978 these are in the Moone. But silence: here comes Thisby.

Enter Thisby.

1980 Th. This is ould Ninies tumbe. Where is my loue? Lyon. Oh.

2061 1981 Dem. Well roard, Lyon.

1988

1982 Duke. Well runne, Thijby.

1983 Dutchesse. Well shone Moone. Truly, the Moone shines, 1984 with a good grace.

1985 Duk. Well mouz'd, Lyon.

1986 Dem. And then came Pyramus.

1987 Lys. And so the Lyon vanisht.

Enter Pyramus.

2069 1989 Pyr Sweete Moone, I thanke thee, for thy funny beams.

1990 I thanke thee, Moone, for shining now so bright.

1991 For by thy gratious golden, glittering beames,

1992 I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.

Moon. This lanthorne doth the horned Moone pre-	2039
fent: My felfe, the man i'th Moone doth feeme to be.	2040
Du. This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man	2041
should be put into the Lanthorne. How is it els the man	
i'th Moone?	2043
Dem. He dares not come there for the candle.	2044
For you fee, it is already in fnuffe.	2045
Dut. I am vvearie of this Moone; vvould he would	2046
change.	2047
Du. It appeares by his smal light of discretion, that	2048
he is in the wane: but yet in courtesie, in all reason, vve	2048
must stay the time.	2050
Lys. Proceed Moone.	2051
Moon. All that I have to fay, is to tell you, that the	2052
Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; this	
thorne bush, my thorne bush; and this dog, my dog.	2054
Dem. Why all these should be in the Lanthorne: for	2055
they are in the Moone. But filence, heere comes Thisby.	2056
Enter Thisby.	2057
This is old Ninnies tombe: where is my loue?	2058
Lyon. Oh.	2058
The Lion roares, Thisby runs off.	2060
Dem. Well roar'd Lion.	2061
Du. Well run Thisby.	2062
Dut. Well shone Moone.	2063
Truly the Moone shines with a good grace.	2064
Du. Wel mouz'd Lion.	2065
Dem. And then came Piramus.	2066
Lys. And so the Lion vanisht.	2067
F D'	
Enter Piramus.	2068
Pyr. Sweet Moone, I thank thee for thy funny beames,	2069
I thanke thee Moone, for shining now so bright:	2070
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,	2071

```
1993 But stay: ô spight! but marke, poore knight,
1994 What dreadfull dole is here?
1995 Eyes do you see! How can it bee!
1996 O dainty duck, o deare!
1997 Thy mantle good, what, staind with blood?
1996 Approach ye Furies fell,
1999 O fates come, come, cut thread and thrumme,
2000 Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell.
       Duke. This passion, & the death of a deare friend would
2002 goe neere to make a man looke fad.
       Dutch. Beshrewe my heart, but I pitty the man.
      Pyr. O, wherefore, Nature, didst thou Lyons frame?
2005 Since Lyon vilde hath here deflour'd my deare.
2006 Which is, no, no: which was the fairest dame
2007 That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik't, that look't with cheere.
2008 Come teares, confound, out fword, and wound
2009 The pappe of Pyramus:
2010 I, that left pappe, where heart doth hoppe.
2011 Thus dy I, thus, thus, thus.
2012 Now am I dead, now am I fled, my foule is in the sky.
2013 Tongue loose thy light, Moone take thy flight,
2014 Now dy, dy, dy, dy, dy.
```

2005 2015 Dem, No Die, but an ace for him. For he is but one.
2016 Lys. Lesse then an ace, man. For he is dead, he is nothing.

Duke. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet reco-2018 uer, and yet prooue an Asse. 2019 Dut. How chance Moone-shine is gone before? Thisby 2020 comes backe, and findes her louer,

Duk. Shee will finde him, by starre-light. Here shee comes, and her passion ends the Play.

Dut, Me thinkes, she should not vie a long one, for such a Pyramus: I hope, she will be briefe.

Digitized by Google

1623 ⁻	A	Midsommer	Nights D	reame	149
		t! but mark	e, poore K	night,	2073
What dread			. •		2074
•		How can it	be!		2075
O dainty D					2076
		; what staind	with bloo	d !	2077
Approch yo	u Fur	ies fell:			2078
		ome: Cut th		irum,	2079
Quaile, crus	h , con	clude, and qu	ell.		2080
Du. This	passio	on, and the de	eath of a d	eare friend,	2081
Would go n	eere t	o make a ma	n looke fa	d.	2082
Dut. Best	nrew r	ny heart, but	I pittie th	e man.	2083
Pir. O w	herefo	ore Nature, d	id'st thou	Lions frame?	2084
Since Lion	vilde l	hath h <mark>e</mark> ere de	eflour'd my	deere :	2085
Which is: 1	no, no	, which was t	he fairest	Dame	2086
That liu'd, t	hat lo	u'd, that lik'd	d, that lool	k'd with cheere.	2087
Come teares	s, conf	found: Out f	word, and	wound	2088
The pap of	Piran	rus:			2089
I, that left p	oap, w	here heart do	th hop;		2090
Thus dye I,			•		2091
Now am I d	ead, r	now am I fled	, my foule	is in the sky,	2092
		ight, Moone t			2093
Now dye, dy	ye, dy	e, dye, dye.	•		2094
			r him ; for	he is but one.	2095
				dead, he is no-	2096
thing.				•	2097
_	the h	nelpe of a Su	rgeon, he	might yet reco-	2098
uer, and pro		-	0 ,	•	2099
		nce Moone-shi	ne is gone	before?	2100
		ke, and finde	_		2101
•		•			
		Enter This	by.		2102
Duke. Sh	e wil	finde him by	ftarre-ligh	ıt.	2103
Heere she c	omes,	and her passi	on ends th	ne play.	2104
Dut. Me	think	es shee show	ıld not vfe	a long one for	210
uch a Pira	mus:	I hope she w	ill be bree	fe.	210

Demet. A moth will turne the ballance; which Pyramus, 2026 which Thisby is the better: he for a man; God warnd vs: 2027 she, for a woman; God blesse vs. Ly. She hath spied him already, with those sweete eyes. Deme. And thus she meanes, videlicet; 2111 2030 This. A fleepe my loue? What, dead my doue? 2031 O Pyramus, arise, 2032 Speake, speake. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A tumbe 2033 Must couer thy sweete eyes. 2034 These lilly lippes, this cherry nose, 2035 These vellow cowslippe cheekes 2036 Are gon, are gon: louers make mone: 2037 His eyes were greene, as leekes. 2038 O fifters three, come, come, to mee, 2039 With hands as pale as milke, 2040 Lay them in gore, fince you have shore 2041 With sheeres, his threede of silke. 2042 Tongue, not a word: come trufty fword, 2043 Come blade, my breast imbrew: 2044 And farewell friends: thus Thy/by ends: 2045 Adieu, adieu, adieu.

2127 2046 Duke. Moone-shine and Lyon are left to bury the dead.

2047 Deme. I, and Wall to.

2048 Lyon. No, I affure you, the wall is downe, that parted 2049 their fathers. Will it please you, to see the Epilogue, or to 2050 heare a Bergomaske daunce, between two of our copany?

Duke. No Epilogue, I pray you. For your Play needs no excuse. Neuer excuse: For when the Players are all deade, there neede none to be blamed. Mary, if hee that writ it, had played Pyramus, and hangd himselfe in Thisbies garaoss ter, it would have beene a fine tragedy: and so it is truely, and very notably discharg'd. But come your Burgomaske: let your Epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath tolde twelve.

2059 Louers to bed, tis almost Fairy time.



Dem. A Moth wil turne the ballance, which Piramus 2107

which Thisby is the better. (eyes.	2108
Lys. She hath spyed him already, with those sweete	2109
Dem. And thus she meanes, videlicit.	2110
This. Asleepe my Loue? What, dead my Doue?	2111
O Piramus arise:	2112
Speake, Speake. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A tombe	2118
Must couer thy sweet eyes.	2114
These Lilly Lips, this cherry nose,	2115
These yellow Cowslip cheekes	2116
Are gone, are gone: Louers make mone:	2117
His eyes were greene as Leekes.	2118
O fisters three, come, come to mee,	2119
With hands as pale as Milke,	2120
Lay them in gore, fince you have shore	2121
With sheeres, his thred of silke.	2122
Tongue not a word: Come trusty sword:	2123
Come blade, my brest imbrue:	2124
And farwell friends, thus Thisbie ends;	2125
Adieu, adieu, adieu.	2126
Duk. Moon-shine & Lion are left to burie the dead.	2127
Deme. I, and Wall too.	2128
Bot. No, I affure you, the wall is downe, that parted	
their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or	
to heare a Bergomask dance, betweene two of our com-	2131
pany?	2132
Duk. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs	
no excuse. Neuer excuse; for when the plaiers are all	
dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that	
writ it had plaid Piramus, and hung himselfe in Thisbies	
garter, it would have beene a fine Tragedy: and so it is	
truely, and very notably discharg'd. But come, your	2138
Burgomaske; let your Epilogue alone.	2139
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelue.	2140
Louers to bed, 'tis almost Fairy time.	2141

2060 I feare we shall outsleepe the comming morne, 2061 As much as wee this night haue ouerwatcht. 2062 This palpable grosse Play hath well beguil'd 2063 The heauie gate of night. Sweete friends, to bed. 2064 A fortnight holde we this solemnitie, 2065 In nightly Reuels, and new iollity.

Exeunt.

2066 Enter Pucke.

2149 2067 Puck. Now the hungry Lyons roares. 2068 And the wolfe beholds the Moone; 2069 Whilst the heavie ploughman snores, 2070 All with weary taske foredoone. 2071 Now the wasted brands doe glowe, 2072 Whilst the scriech-owle, scrieching lowd, 2073 Puts the wretch, that lyes in woe, 2074 In remembrance of a shrowde. 2075 Now it is the time of night, 2076 That the graues, all gaping wide, 2077 Euery one lets forth his spright, 2078 In the Churchway paths to glide. 2079 And wee Fairies, that doe runne, 2080 By the triple *Hecates* teame, 2081 From the presence of the Sunne, 2082 Following darkenesse like a dreame, 2083 Now are frollick: not a mouse 2084 Shall diffurbe this hallowed house. 2167 2085 I am fent, with broome, before, 2086 To sweepe the dust, behinde the dore.

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with all their traine.

Ob. Through the house give glimmering light,

By the dead and drowsie fier,

Logo Euery Else and Fairy spright,

Logo Hop as light as birde from brier,

Logo And this dittie after mee, Sing, and daunce it trippingly.

Tita. First rehearse your song by rote,

1623	A Midsommer	Nights	Dreame		153
I feare we sha	all out-fleepe the	commin	g morne.		2142
	we this night hau		•		2143
	groffe play hath				2144
	ate of night. Swe				2145
	old we this folen				2146
-	euels; and new i	•		Exeunt.	
	Enter Pu	ıcke.			2148
Puck Now	the hungry Lyo	ns rores.			2148
	lfe beholds the M		,		2150
	eauy ploughman				2151
	ry taske fore-don				2152
	ted brands doe gl				2153
	ritch-owle, fcritc		d,		2154
	tch that lies in w	_	-		2155
In remembra	nce of a shrowd.				2156
Now it is the	time of night,				2157
That the grai	ues, all gaping wi	ide,			2158
Euery one let	s forth his fprigh	ıt,			2159
In the Churc	h-way paths to g	lide.			2160
And we Fair	ies, that do runne	e,			2161
By the triple	Hecates teame,				2162
From the pre	esence of the Sun	ne,			2163
Following da	rkenesse like a dr	eame,			2164
	icke; not a Mou				2165
	this hallowed he				2166
	h broome before,				2167
To fweep the	dust behinde the	doore.			2168
Enter King	g and Queene of I	Fairies, r	with their	traine.	2169
Ob. Through	gh the house giue	e glimme	ering light	t ,	2170
•	and drowsie fier,				2171
	and Fairie spright	-			2172
	as bird from brie				2173
	ty after me, fing			ingli e.	2174
Tita. First	rehearle this fon	g by roa	te,		2175

тогае,

cht ld to bec

2094 To each word a warbling note. 2095 Hand in hand, with Fairy grace, 2096 Will we fing and blesse this place.

Ob. Now, vntill the breake of day, 2180 2007 2008 Through this house, each Fairy stray. 2000 To the best bride bed will wee: 2100 Which by vs shall blessed be: 2101 And the issue, there create, 2102 Euer shall be fortunate: 2103 So shall all the couples three 2104 Euer true in louing be: 2105 And the blots of natures hand 2106 Shall not in their iffue stand. 2107 Neuer mole, hare-lippe, nor scarre, 2108 Nor marke prodigious, fuch as are 2109 Despised in natiuitie, 2110 Shall vpon their children be. 2111 With this field deaw confecrate, 2112 Euery Fairy take his gate, 2113 And each feuerall chamber bleffe. 2114 Through this palace, with sweete peace 2115 Euer shall in safety rest, 2116 And the owner of it bleft. 2117 Trippe away: make no stay: 2118 Meete me all, by breake of day.

2202 2119 Robin. If we shadowes haue offended,
2120 Thinke but this (and all is mended)
2121 That you haue but slumbred here,
2122 While these visions did appeare:
2123 And this weake and idle theame,
2124 No more yielding but a dreame,
2125 Gentles, doe not reprehend.
2126 If you pardon, wee will mend.
2127 And, as I am an honest Puck,

1623	A Midsommer Nights Dreame	155
To each w	ord a warbling note.	2176
Hand in h	and, with Fairie grace,	2177
Will we fir	ng and bleffe this place.	2178
	The Song.	2179
Nov	w vntill the breake of day,	2180
Thr	ough this house each Fairy stray.	2181
To	the best Bride-bed will we,	2182
Wh	ich by vs shall blessed be:	2183
And	the issue there create,	2184
Eue	er shall be fortunate:	2185
So	shall all the couples three,	2186
Eue	er true in louing be:	2187
And	d the blots of Natures hand,	2188
Sha	all not in their issue stand.	2189
Nen	uer mole, harelip, nor scarre,	2190
Nor	marke prodigious, such as are	2191
Def	pised in Natiuitie,	2192
Sha	all vpon their children be.	2193
Wit	h this field dew consecrate,	2194
Eue	ery Fairy take his gate,	2195
And	d each seuerall chamber blesse,	2196
Thi	rough this Pallace with sweet peace,	2197
Euc	er shall in safety rest,	2198
And	d the owner of it blest.	2199
Tri	p away, make no stay;	2200
Med	et me all by breake of day.	2201
Robin.	If we shadowes haue offended,	2202
Thinke bu	t this (and all is mended)	2203
That you l	naue but flumbred heere,	2204
While thef	e vifions did appeare.	2205
And this v	veake and idle theame,	2206
No more y	eelding but a dreame,	2207
	oe not reprehend.	2208
If you pare	lon, we will mend.	2209
And as I a	m an honest Pucke,	2210

2128 If we have vnearned luck,

2129 Now to scape the Serpents tongue,

2130 We will make amends, ere long:

2131 Elfe, the Puck a lyer call.

2132 So, good night vnto you all.

2133 Giue me your hands, if we be friends:

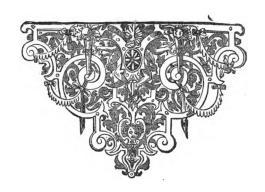
2217 2134 And Robin shall restore amends.

FINIS.



1623	A Midsommer Nights Dreame	157
If we haue vn	earned lucke,	2211
Now to scape	the Serpents tongue,	2212
We will make	amends ere long:	2213
Elfe the Puck	e a lyar call.	2214
So good night	vnto you all.	2215
Giue me your	hands, if we be friends,	2216
And Robin sh	all restore amends.	2217

FINIS.



A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME.

COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH THE 1600 (FISHER) QUARTO AND THE FIRST FOLIO.

	THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE.		
SIGNATURE.	AT QUARTO LINE.	AT FOLIO LINE	
Ą a	27	27 98	
A 3	97	98	
A 4	167	169	
B	239	240	
D 2	307	322	
D 3	377	395 468	
2ª	447	538	
č.	517 587	609	
či	657	697	
či	727	750	
Ď	707	820	
D 2	797 867	899	
D 3	936	977	
D 4	1005	1050	
E	1076	1113	
<u>E</u> 2	1146	1192	
<u>E</u> 3	1216	1266	
E 4	1286	1332	
<u>F</u>	1356	1403	
F 2	1426	1476	
BBB34 234 234 234 234 234 24 24 24 24 24 24 24 24 24 24 24 24 24	1496	1553 1628	
£4	1566 1635	1699	
Ğ.	1035	1766	
č:	1770	1840	
Ğ	1840	1910	
й 7	1910	1983	
H 2	1980	2058	
H	2050	2131	
H 3 H 4	2120	2203	

COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH THE FIRST FOLIO.

FIRST FOLIO	BANKSIDE	FIRST FOLIC	BANKSIDE
COLUMN.	LINE.	COLUMN.	LINE.
rst column, page 145 2d " 145 2d " 146 2d " 146 2d " 147 2d " 147 2d " 148 2d " 148 2d " 148 2d " 148 2d " 149 2d " 150 2d " 150 2d " 151 2d " 151 2d " 152 2d " 153	1 43 87 153 218 281 347 407 471 537 601 663 721 790 848 914 979	2d " " 1st " " 2d " " 1st " " 2d " " 2d " " 1st " " 2d " " 1st " "	154 1107 154 1171 155 1235 155 1301 155 1301 156 1432 157 1498 157 1498 157 1554 158 1617 158 1683 159 1747 159 1805 160 1933 160* 160* 160* 160* 163* 163* 2062 162 2171

^{*} Misprinted in Folio.

